TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 49 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—5 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 205

## Around Town.

The meeting of representative citizens in one of the Board of Trade rooms Friday night of last week may prove to be the dawning of a new era in the municipal politics of Toronto, or like the meeting held in the National Club about a year ago when the mayoralty nomination was tendered to Mr. W. R. Brock, it may end in a *fiasco* and further discourage leading ratepayers from attempting to influence the election of those who control the expenditure of our taxes.

***

The members of the Citizens' Protective Association who were present made their influence felt. They insisted that their organization should be consulted, and it is but right that every representative body of citizens should be asked to express an opinion in this great crisis of our municipal affairs. It is to be hoped, however, that small matters be not made to control and that minor details be not insisted upon. The great object of the meeting was the nomination of a proper mayor and the selection of suitable candidates for some of the aldermanic seats. This task has been intrusted to a committee and they should not be defeated by the personal likes and dislikes, or worse still, the personal ambitions of men who would like to take advantage of the present situation to obtain prominence for themselves. It will be very easy for those who are consulted to make united action impossible. It will be easier still for those who consult with one another to confine themselves to the main question of who is a fit and proper person to be mayor and who can best assist him in his work of reform and re-organization from the aldermanic seats!

***

The nomination of E. B. Osler is a possibility, for that gentleman while to a certain extent declining to assume the responsibilities of a mayoralty candidate has consented to join in the aldermanic contest in one of the new wards. I have no doubt that if Mr. Osler is shown that he will be an acceptable candidate he can be prevailed upon to stand. I have neither personal nor indirect motives for advocating the nomination of Mr. Osler or some strong man of that sort who has a knowledge of large affairs and has a strong and aggressive individuality and an utter disregard of the consequences of doing right. I do not think Mr. Osler is personally a very popular man. He is one of the sort who would find it very difficult to stoop to promiscuous hand-shaking and baby-kissing, and he would be a revelation to himself if he took the attitude of an ambitious politician sacrificing the interests confided to his charge in order to obtain preferment in some other direction. I do not know what his politics may be. His brother, Mr. B. B. Osler, is a well known Grit, but it is entirely immaterial in a contest of this sort, if a man be otherwise eligible and has qualities necessary to the progress of Toronto, with what party he works in political campaigns. I do not think that we have yet found out how deep-seated is our municipal trouble, nor have we realized how badly our affairs have been managed. Before we can recover from the present stagnation both in the price of real estate and the progress of the city, we must get down to hard-pan, realize upon our available assets, re adjust our debt, reduce expenditures and, in fact, begin all over again on a wider yet more economical plan. We cannot do this without selecting as mayor a man of wide and varied experience. He must be acquainted with financial affairs and the best method of reducing the cost of carrying our enormous city debt. He must be versed in large executive operations that everything we do may be towards a renewal of our progress, which has practically ceased.

***

It is a pity that we cannot select from amongst those who have served as aldermen, some man of large methods and world-wide experience. Unfortunately for us, we have been in the habit of choosing our aldermen from that excellent class whose abilities are expanded only in the direction of a special line of making money. Still more unfortunate is it for us all that in looking outside of these for a candidate we cannot find men who have great financial knowledge or an acquaintance with the methods necessary to executive success, who are not in some way identified with great and influential corporations. Men of recognized executive and financial ability are never left unemployed. Great companies seek them out and obtain their services. It is held by some that an alliance with such large corporations should make it impossible for a man to honestly or successfully serve the city. If this be true, it will be nearly if not entirely impossible to find such a man as we need. If in order to secure neutrality we must choose mediocrity, then the cause of reform is in a deep and hopeless ditch. Using Mr. E. B. Osler as an example, he is a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway and therefore, some say, is unfit to be mayor lest he may favor the road with which he has been identified. It would be much easier for Mr. Osler as mayor to be just and to carry his point with all the railways concerned, sworn friend as he is of the Canadian Pacific, than it would be for a weak backed but big-headed mayor to do justice under similar circumstances while he lives in hope of future preferment or is in the enjoyment of special favors from an unknown source. He who appears to be neutral and is in reality but a hireling, is most dangerous. Our troubles with the Canadian Pacific Railway have been largely settled, and settled, I contend, most unfavorably, when viewed from the citizens' standpoint. If anyone could give our case more completely away than it has been given away in the past, he would be indeed a master hand at hunker-sliding and duplicity. If we must reject all those whose ability has caused them to be selected for honorable and responsible positions in great corporations, our choice would be confined to those who are always free in offering their services. It does not follow that the self-nominated mayor is an unworthy person, but the man who has so little to do and has so few avenues of preferment, so little chance of obtaining publicity, or notoriety, or fame, or whatever one may call it that he goes about hugger-snugging with societies, kissing babies and shaking hands and being all things to all men, cannot be for a moment compared with men of greater size and such recognized ability that their time and energies are sought for by corporations, or who find constant employment in the expansion of their business and have sufficient of the light of public notice thrown upon them to satisfy their natural desire not to pass through the world unseen.

***

One may very justly inquire why James Beaty, jr., Q. C., who once obtained prominence and then dropped into oblivion, should endeavor to rehabilitate himself by working for another term as mayor. He is but an example of those who offer themselves for nomination despite the old saying that office should seek the man, not man the office. Mr. Osler at least has not sought the office and could not be persuaded to accept it unless convinced of the desire of his fellow citizens to place him in that important position. He may not be the proper man. I am told he has made money out of selling the city's bonds and that if he should be mayor he would use the office to add to his wealth, and that all this would be used as an argument against him. Well, if he has been too smart for the city and in his private business has been able to make money by the lack of knowledge displayed by those employed by the city, we should be glad to have this superior knowledge and business astuteness retained on the city's behalf. Of course if he were a man suspected of being an adventurer, or if his private necessities outweighed his public spirit and higher ambition, we might fear that he would employ his ability in order to enrich someone who might act as his dummy and outside partner. But if we begin to suspect men who have never been open to suspicion and fail to recollect the instances of lowlier men who have not scorned to be suspected of carrying a contract under the city seal while guarding that seal itself, we are at once left to experiment with untried men whose ambition, merit and loyalty are all to be exemplified, if perchance they are not shown to be wanting.

***

I am not wedded to the idea of E. B Osler or any other man. Personally I think Mr. Osler is an aggressive, self-willed man of such a strong individuality as to make him disagreeable to all those who do not know him intimately. The first time I met him, the interview came very nearly ending in a free fight without gloves or Queensbury rules or anything else, but we have had enough of these popular men, these soft-backed, sweet-tongued, "yes, yes," fellows. It should not be a matter of private profit or personal preference with any of us. Mr. Osler I have no doubt would personally make as many enemies as friends on a public platform, but I imagine that he would convince everybody that if he were made mayor the era of funny business and slipshod methods would terminate in mighty short order. For my part I do not care two pins whether it is E. B. Osler or somebody else with a strong individuality and a big stake in the city, who becomes mayor. The whole thing needs re-organization and somebody must be at the head of the work. Engineer Jennings was accused of being a tool of the C. P. R. He was one of the best public servants that ever assisted to administer the affairs of this city. I have no doubt he was pig-headed or self-opinionated or whatever you may call the attitude of a man who thinks that he, with professional experience, ought to know more about an engineer's work than a cheap John alderman. If E. B. Osler were made mayor he would act probably in a more obstreperous and obnoxious manner than Jennings did, and yet the result would be to bring order out of chaos. We do not want a mayor who will shake hands with us, and paw all over us every time he sees us. He can keep his hands out of ours just as long as he keeps his hands out of our pockets, and we want a man who will find pawing enough to do in unearthing and rightly setting the stupid financing that has disgraced this city for the last many years. We want a mayor who will cut down the wages of city employees who are not earning what they get; a man who will not hesitate to discharge a clerk if he is not needed.

***

Let us drop this era of good fellowship in our municipal politics. Being a good fellow does not qualify a man for public office. I know of no place it does qualify him for except membership in a club. As a rule it disqualifies him. He is too-many-sided, has too large a bump of approbativeness, is fonder of pleasing people by neglecting his duty than of doing his duty no matter who gets hit or turns sour.

***

I have no doubt that the committee appointed to suggest proper candidates will be sneered at and abused as officious meddlers with other people's business, yet if some such method as is being tried be not introduced, the change in the ward system will bring us a worse council and a more useless mayor than we have had. What we need is strength. Let us have a strong man at all hazards. The good-natured, honest, easy-going fellow is the man who is less trusted by commercial concerns than the shrewd rogue. Give us anything, anybody but the smooth bore, the needy supplicant, the log-rolling intriguer.

***

The task of selecting men for aldermanic positions will be even harder, if indeed not more important than that of placing in the field a mayoralty candidate who is fit to take the position and willing to accept the responsibility. Twelve nominations will be amply sufficient; the other twelve can be quite well chosen out of a host of ex-aldermen and others who will ask the ratepayers to recognize their experience and long service and to overlook the fact that they have accomplished nothing. Chief among the nominees the committee should place before the people should be the name of ex-Alderman Daniel Defoe, a thoroughly reputable and upright citizen who but for the religious prejudices of the city would long ago have been mayor. There would be no doubt of his election, as there can be no doubt of his ability and the width and conscientiousness of his experience. However, all these matters will be attended to and time will show with what favor or disfavor the work of these organized citizens shall be received. Already the disunionists are at work stigmatizing the recent meeting as a Board of Trade scheme, a plot of the Canadian Pacific, the work of a few swelled-heads. That these cries emanate from newspapers that are accustomed to sell themselves or have been notoriously betrayed by venal employees, that the men busiest in disseminating and propagating these suspicions have axes to grind or are candidates for place, should make us exceedingly wary. I, for one, am not of the opinion that the public can be easily deluded at this present crisis. Personal friendships, the influence of organized sections of society, log-rolling and shouting will be less important in the next campaign than they have ever been in Toronto. Self-interest will be the dominant impulse. After such a year of taxation and stagnation as the past one has been, the voters in this city are not in a humor to yield to the importunities of needy speculators or sweet-voiced incompetents. If Toronto does not now know what it wants it never will learn. The need of strength and reform has impressed everybody and I imagine that it will take very pretty talking to move the ratepayers away from the resolution they have made to clean out the whole gang. All that is necessary is to offer them something better. As a rule, they think they can't have anything worse. At any rate they don't want the same.

***

There are some good men in the Council this year and they will be there next year if they want to go. However, it is the worst men who are there this year who are most anxious to go back again, and it is against these that the citizens' movement should be directed, and I hope it will be the skins of these that will be found hanging on the fence to dry after the January contest is finished. Moreover, if the plan of selecting candidates for aldermen is accepted, it should be with the idea of promoting those who accept the minor office this year to the greater office of mayor in the future. The selection of untried men for the chief executive should end after proper men have been placed in training.

***

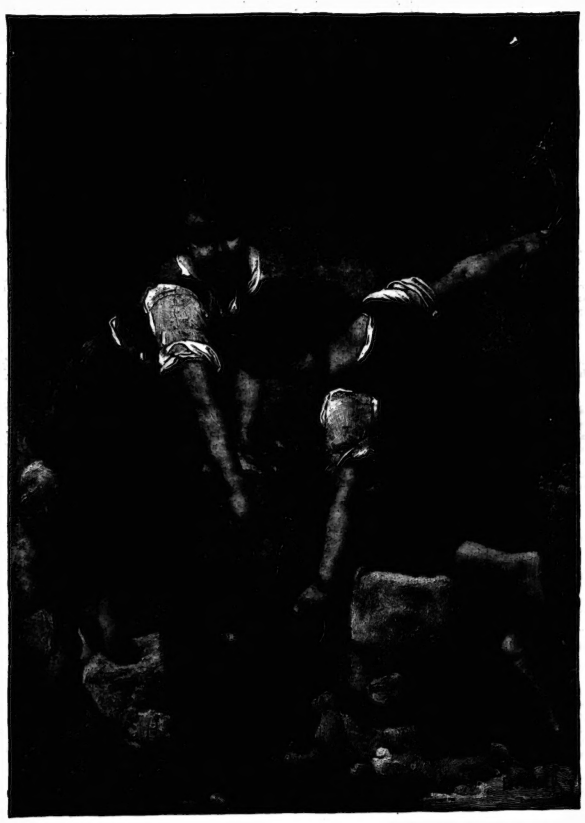
The idea of utilizing the police to obtain a correct enumeration of our population is an absurdity. The human family is not naturally truthful, but when a policeman is the interlocutor people are almost unanimously evasive and noncommittal if not absolutely untruthful. Everyone knows that in certain sections of the city the fact that the police have left a card at the house will alarm the inmates, and thoughts of Inspector Archibold and his staff of morality inquisitors will prevent them from telling the truth. The police enumeration in such sections will be worthless. Newspapers may explain the real meaning of the work as much as they have a mind to and it will be without its effect for the simple reason that these people do not read newspapers. One of the few things they know and know first rate is the color and general get-up of a policeman's uniform. Why he wants to know how many people slept in the house on Sunday night will mean nothing to them but a prospective law suit over water rates or possible misconduct on the part of some of the lodgers. It would have been much better to have hired the Directory people or special enumerators of some sort with whom householders of every kind are familiar, to obtain the exact truth. Just why it is necessary to have a census of any kind is beyond my feeble comprehension. It is of less importance to know just how many people we have than to know how we can keep them here or find employment for them. It is a silly thing to raise the question of population just now. What is bothering most people is not how many thousand souls will sleep here next Sunday night, but how many mills on the dollar we will have to pay next year and what on earth can have been done with the money we paid this year. There is no use getting up any civic table of population. We cannot prepare anything that will overshadow the tax paper.

***

Those who supposed that Mr. Chapleau would succeed in bullying himself into the Department of Railways and Canals, apparently forgot that there is some sense left in the electors, and that regard for this sense must have some influence with the leader of the Government. At the present juncture, with the French-Canadian people, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in Quebec is at stake. If Chapleau is not given a chance to manipulate the patronage of a great department of the Government, the tyrant's hand will be felt upon the throat of the alien people. So, at least, Mr. Chapleau's organ puts it; he is identical with the province and is everything necessary to its happiness and prosperity! If Chapleau is not given the desired place the end of the world is at hand for the poor *habitant!* In politics impudence has long been a fine art, but it remained for Chapleau to become its apotheosis.

***

Premier Abbott has excited the admiration and respect of Canada by his careful and dignified course. He has not blustered though Chapleau threatened. His has been a waiting game. It would not do to become aggressive and throw the political carrion out of the Cabinet, lest amongst the dogs the odor of decomposition might be mistaken for that of sanctity—that is to say, for French-Canadian patriotism. It is easy to make a man a martyr in a country where it is possible for a man like Mercier to become a Count of the Holy Roman Empire! Mr. Abbott knows his business too well to give this parliamentary brigand a chance



AT THE WELL.

to "hold him up." All the uncontrollable expenditure of wind has been by Chapleau. Other ministers when questioned had heard nothing of special interest even though the bravo from Montreal district imagined he was thrilling the country to the core by threatening to resign. In fact, Mr. Chapleau has been permitted time to make such a display of himself that he can now do no further harm even if he goes out into opposition. *Adios*, Monsieur Caapleau! You cannot take your hat and coat and mosey out of the Cabinet too soon to suit Ontario or in time to preserve Quebec. Light your Roman candles if you will, set off your French fusee, blow your brazen bugle around the walls of Canada's Jericho, shake your leonine hair and expose your fangs in which skirmish to supply your lust for admiration and office, but understand that you are only the occupant of a cage in the menagerie and not the real "Royal Bengawl tagger of the Jungle."

***

The *Telegram* is a newspaper very profitable to its proprietor, and if it did not obtrude the fact that its central idea is the mere personal attitude and interest of said proprietor, the frequent occasions when it does great good and conspicuous public service would be better appreciated. It never has space for long reports except when the Grand Master is laying a corner stone or making a speech, or some one is making a speech with him as the text. It very consistently follows a rule not to insert a dramatic criticism longer than the first joint of its editor's finger, except—to borrow the language of the statute—"a bonus be provided" when the proprietor is giving the show himself or is booming it for his favorite charity. I mention this, not in the way of hostility or criticism, for I am in the humor for neither, but to illustrate the present attitude of this newspaper as regards municipal reform. It is quite evident that what the proprietor thinks necessary is for the citizens of Toronto to go to his window and make confession of their sins, inasmuch as they have encouraged, permitted or become in some way accessories to a third and fourth term. In a column! editorial article on Tuesday we were all informed that those who have recently been daring enough to make some attempt towards bettering the condition of affairs, having in the past been guilty of mistakes in their methods and having fallen into grievous error are no longer entitled to an opinion, and have become as castaways or at least as absurd persons when they give expression to any suggestions as to the best way to utilize the moment of ward re organization to obtain a better mayor and a more worthy board of aldermen.

***

In the past grave mistakes have been made. After the Howland boom had been started the *Telegram* joined in the chorus, but after the then Mayor had been discovered to be the most impractical man who could have been selected, and after his mismanagement and bungling had been exposed, the *Telegram* continued to support him, claiming that the Council was against him and that he was unable to do anything owing to aldermanic opposition. Now it says: "Talk about winning a battle for economy with aldermen while the Mayor's chair, the key to the whole position, is in the keeping of the enemy, is nonsense. . . A good mayor can make a council good, or he can make it mighty uncomfortable." This is a clear abandonment of its old position. It has no remedy to offer, no man or men to offer. Those of us who have occasionally made suggestions in the past have been so impressed by the fallibility of human judgment and the infallibility of the *Telegram*, that we have offered to support its proprietor if he will run for mayor. But no, he will do nothing personally nor make seasonable suggestions to those who are willing to go out and work hard for whoever is chosen by any representative body of citizens. In the long article referred to it appears to me that the *Telegram* must be advocating ex-Ald. Gillespie for the mayoralty. The fact that ex Ald. Gillespie is dead places this newspaper in a safe position and in line with those voters in the mountains of East Tennessee, who to this day go on voting for General Jackson as president of the United States, though "Old Hickory" departed this life many, many years ago.

***

The *Telegram*, too, distorts the expression made at the citizens' meeting in the Board of Trade rooms and says: "It would have done well to harken to the words of wisdom uttered by Professor Goldwin Smith." The facts are that those assembled, wisely or unwisely, did harken to these words of wisdom and it was on Professor Goldwin Smith's suggestion that a name was proposed as a proper nominee for the mayoralty. If the *Telegram* has any anxiety to help re-organize things, it should cease its scoffing and fault-finding and try and help do something. Nothing can be accomplished by misrepresentation and sneers. The men who are endeavoring to promote the cause of civic reform have nothing to gain by it except as private citizens may gain by good government. It has neither money nor glory for those who give a share of their time and labor in an effort to obtain better civic government. No doubt many of the gentlemen who composed the meeting the other night have been duped by wily politicians in the past, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that experience may enable them to avoid such a miscarriage of their efforts in the future. At any rate they have never been utilized to advance the cause of such candidates as E. A. Macdonald, and as the *Telegram* has made mistakes itself, it should be more charitable to those who with the best intentions have not always been able to achieve good results. If the *Telegram* knows it all let its tongue be loosened and we will listen to its words of wisdom; otherwise we have a right to ask, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

***

One of the most fertile sources of church difficulties seems to be the management of the choir and the behavior of the organist. A prominent city church in which a number of the members are opposed to instrumental music and "paid" singers, were horrified to hear from the busy tongues of some of the members after last Sunday morning's service, that the absence of the leading basso was owing to his presence at a Sunday rehearsal of Pinafore in the Grand Opera House. There is no knowing what would have happened had this rumor proved well founded! Though it is still said that such a rehearsal took place, yet it was found that his absence was owing to a severe cold and consequent inability to sing, and he had not even attended the rehearsal. I always pity the choirmaster and the clergyman who is in sympathy with his musicians, for it is a very difficult act to keep the peace when such matters come up for discussion.

***

The fear in which a pastor sometimes holds his congregation was well exemplified—except insane bigotry is offered as an excuse—by what in choir circles will probably be known as "The Brampton incident." It appears that the organist of a Methodist church in that town was to be absent for three weeks, and the Toronto College of Music was requested to send out a supply. The young lady sent to fill the gap gave great satisfaction artistically, but the Monday morning after her first Sunday she was paid for what she had done and summarily bundled back to Toronto. Now what dreadful discovery do you think was made regarding this organist? Why, that she was a Roman Catholic! It is reported that the pastor in apologizing for having permitted a Roman Catholic to play the organ for "one Sunday," said that he would rather have "that thing," referring to the organ, "shut up altogether" than have had the incident connected with his pastorate. The amount of piety and toleration expressed by such treatment as this young lady organist received, must convince us that all the bigotry was not washed out of that pastor when he had his change of heart. I could sympathize with him if they had been engaging an organist for a year, for it is always wiser to avoid trouble than to take the chance of not being able to grapple with it; but to summarily dismiss a little woman who was sent out for a three weeks' supply in this manner and to apologize for having permitted a Roman Catholic to play the organ for one day, is just a little too much—in fact, it is just a great deal too much. I suppose in that church they do not let Roman Catholics come in lest they may defile the pews.

***

The *Globe's* attitude towards the Mercier investigation is an admirable one and worthy of imitation by the party press generally. The *Globe* has evidently found out that it does not pay a newspaper to become the apologist of evil-doers. Even from a party standpoint it is folly to attempt to defend the indefensible for having once made such attempts its power to obtain a verdict for those innocently accused, passes away. No man, no paper ever did good by becoming the tool of a politician or political party. A respected newspaper is one that respects itself, and I cannot see how self-respect can exist in the chains of party slavery.

***

No doubt the friends of Separate Schools imagine they have gained a great victory in the decision of the Supreme Court, that the act abolishing such schools in Manitoba is *ultra vires* of the Provincial Legislature. If this decision is upheld by the Privy Council, which is to be appealed to, then the Separate School question will become a Dominion issue, and such a troublesome matter that provincial and political parties in self-defence must settle it on a new basis. Nor can it be for a moment supposed that Confederation will be permanently saddled with the load of sectarianism which was the outcrowning of a foolish compromise. No indeed, the Separate School question is coming, not going.

***

The following letter and the money enclosed have been received and attended to:

DEAR SIR,—Please hand the enclosed $5 to the Fresh Air Fund, which I notice is in debt

YOURS, ANON.

DON.

## Social and Personal.

On Tuesday evening last the officers of the Molson's Bank, Toronto, assembled to bid farewell to their fellow clerk, Mr. G. W. Badgley, who has accepted a call from the American Exchange National Bank of Chicago. During the course of the evening Mr. S. R. Graham, with a few appropriate words, tendered the guest an address and a beautiful pair of opera glasses in the name of the officers of the bank. Mr. Badgley responded gracefully, setting forth in excellent terms the feeling of those words:

"Where'er I roam whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee,
Yes, to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

Mr. Badgley is esteemed in banking and social circles here, and his honest congenial ways will win him kindred hearts wherever he goes.

*

Mr. Reginald Elliott of the Molson's Bank, who has been spending his vacation in camp with a party of duck shooters, has returned to the city.

*

The Maritana Club will hold their third At Home at Webb's on Friday evening next, November 6.

*

Last Tuesday the Sergeants' Mess of the Queen's Own held their monthly smoking concert. As usual, the manly non-coms. had a good time.

*

Mrs. Henry Cawthra's reception at Yeadon Hall last evening assembled a representative gathering of Toronto fashionable folk. Fuller particulars will appear next week.

*

Master Norman Knowles celebrated his sixth birthday on Monday evening by entertaining a few of his friends at 598 Church street.

*

Mrs. Hetherington, daughter of Mrs. Fitch of Atherly, had a very serious accident on Wednesday, resulting in a broken limb.

*

The 'Varsity athletic sports were held at the Rosedale grounds yesterday afternoon.

*

Messrs. Frank S. Taggart and Dr. Stuart are deer shooting in Muskoka and are having the best of good luck.

*

Trinity College has been *en fete* this week, with its annual Convocation and dinner.

*

The various dances for Ben Hur are being rehearsed from morning till night by the different ladies who are to take part in them. Prof. Palmer Kellogg, who is instructing them, is a veritable Mercury and seems never to tire of his terpsichorean exercises. The grace of the movements and the beauty of the dances are a revelation to the performers and will be no doubt to the public on the presentation of the spectacle on November 9.

*

The marriage of Miss Martin of 155 Dunn avenue and Mr. Duncan Mackenzie is announced to take place on November 11.

*

Mr. T. K. Mackeand, Deputy Registrar of Kent, is in town attending a chancery case.

*

A concert was given in St. Anne's schoolhouse on Thursday evening by the juvenile portion of the parish in aid of the Poor Fund.

*

Mrs. Fred W. Thompson and Master Bruce Thompson of Spencer avenue, Parkdale, are visiting friends in Brantford.

*

The amateur performance of Pinafore proved a great success financially and socially. As to the musical part of the evening, it is out of the province of these columns and will doubtless be commented on elsewhere. Lots of applause and loads of lovely flowers rewarded the jolly tars and their charming ladies.

*

The annual meeting of the Infants' Home takes place this afternoon at the Home on St. Mary's street.

*

Another Toronto belle will wear the orange blossoms on November 11, Miss Ethel Vicars of Adelaide street west having selected that day to become Mrs. S. W. Ewing.

*

A large number of friends and relatives witnessed the marriage at All Saints' church at noon Wednesday of Miss Stuart, daughter of William E. Stuart, deputy chief of police, and Mr. William Verner. Rev. A. H. Baldwin, rector of All Saints' church, officiating. The bride was charmingly attired in ivory satin trimmed with lace and flowers. Miss Addie Stuart and Miss Verner, bridesmaids, wore cream-colored silk and cashmere costumes. The groom was attended by Messrs. Thomas Verner, cousin, and Samuel Verner, brother. Messrs. James Bailey and Edward Verner were ushers. Among those present at the reception at the residence of the bride's father, 180 Wilton avenue, after the celebration of the nuptials were: Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, ex-Ald. and Mrs. John Irwin, Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Verner, Mr. and Mrs. Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, Mr. and Miss Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Eichhorn, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Gray, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wismer, Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon, Mr. and Miss Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. John Verner, Mr. Thomas A. Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. George Foy, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thornton, Miss Stuart, Mr. John Cuddy, and Miss Annie Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. Verner left the city on their honeymoon tour in the afternoon.

*

Miss Laura MacGillivray, who is to lecture on Delsarte methods during the winter, is a living argument for the advantages of her system, being in form and expression a most charming person.

*

Another marriage to be chronicled is that of Mr. Robert D. Kelly of Smith's Falls, and Miss Florence Howard, a niece of Mrs. J. L. Kerr of Jarvis street, which took place at 8 o'clock last Tuesday at St. James' church, Rev. Mr. Winterbourne officiating. On their return from their bridal tour Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will take up their residence at Smith's Falls. The bride was presented by the employees of the Confederation Life Association, with which she was formerly connected, with a very handsome case of cutlery.

*

Mrs. Arthur Fisher of 14 Wilton crescent gave a lovely tea on last Saturday. Among the many present I noticed the Misses Janes, Grassick, Chaplin, MacGillivray, George, Gurney, Lay, Thomas, Tillie, Dallas, and Messrs W. Thompson, H. Garratt, J. M. McFarlane and J. B. Hall. Some good music graced this very delightful afternoon.

*

Mrs. Dickson of Upper Canada College gave an At Home to the members of the Wednesday Musical Club on Thursday afternoon. The club was reorganized and will undoubtedly afford as much pleasure to the members of the club as it did last season.

*

Mrs. Dr. O'Reilly gives a tea this afternoon.

*

Mr. R. S. Williams, jr. will be At Home to his young friends on Thursday evening next at eight o'clock.

*

Several small teas and card parties have enlivened the week, and three Hallowe'en parties are arranged which will be noticed next week. The first social event of importance has been the dance at Yeadon Hall; otherwise society has been late in waking up, the glorious weather rendering outdoor amusement still pleasant and possible.

*

Mrs. MacMahon gave a most delightful tea on Wednesday in honor of three young ladies, Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Miss Mackey of Ottawa and Miss Taschereau of Montreal.

*

One of the prettiest little weddings which it has been my lot to witness was solemnized on Tuesday last at the Church of St. John the Evangelist. The contracting parties were A. Reginald Capreol of the Imperial Bank of Toronto, youngest son of the late F. C. Capreol, so well known to the old residents of Toronto, being the originator of the first line of railway running out of this city, viz, the Northern, and Kate T. Howitt, daughter of the late Dr. John Howitt of Guelph and stepdaughter of Mr. C. J. H. Winstanley, Superintendent of Railway mail service of the Toronto Postal Division. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Williams, who after uniting the young couple read them a short but most beautiful and impressive homily. The newly married pair, with a few invited guests, adjourned to Mrs. Winstanley's residence, where their healths were drunk, and then departed, amid showers of rice and slippers, for a tour of some of the eastern American cities. Among the guests I noticed Col. and Mrs. Alger, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Muloch, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. S. Risley, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mrs. W. H. Banks, Mr. A. J. McMichael, Dr. and Mrs. Keating of Guelph, Mr. D. H. Charles of Woodstock, Mr. A. F. D MacGachen of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. F. Chase Capreol of Ottawa. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Grace Cawthra, and was attired in a traveling dress of blue cloth, trimmed with silver, and a gray hat with gray feathers, and looked charming The bridesmaid's dress was of pink cloth with hat to match. Each carried bouquets of most beautiful roses of white and pink. Mr. Capreol takes with him the best wishes of the entire staff of the Imperial Bank. These wishes took the substantial form of a magnificent dinner, tea and breakfast set of Doulton china. The presents to the bride comprised, among other handsome articles, a set of silver table cutlery from Mr. Capreol, sr.; a painting from Mr. L. R. O'Brien of Rocky Mountain scenery; silver side dishes, from Mr. Umphrey; steel engravings, Mr. and Mrs. Cross of St. Catharines; brass piano lamp, Mrs. W. H. Banks; Doulton tea service, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Cawthra; dinner service, Mr. and Mrs. William Muloch; carved table and chair, Col. and Mrs. Alger; china bake dish, Major and Mrs. Leigh; *tete-a-tete* sugar and cream service, Mr. and Mrs. S. Risley; silver salt cellars, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McMichael; silver oyster dish, Dr. and Mrs. Keating; silver side dish, Mr. McGachen; china rose jar, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Capreol; table cover, Mr. James Gow of Windsor; five o'clock tea set, the Misses Cawthra; cheques from Mr. D. H. Charles, Dr. Henry Howitt of Guelph, Dr. F. W. Howitt of Mexico, and Dr. H. O. Howitt of San Francisco, were among the gifts.

*

Miss Marjorie Campbell receives on Wednesday next from five to six o'clock.

### Coming Theatrical Attractions

Rhea has usually been found to be a name to conjure with in this city and the lady's appearance will be all the more acceptable on the present occasion, from the fact that she will introduce a new historical play, entitled La Czarina, translated from the French of Eugene Scribe. Mlle. Rhea will take the part of Catharina, Empress of Russia. The story deals with a love episode in the life of that remarkable character, Peter the Great. The production and the performance will have an unusual side interest, from the fact that the talented actress is soon to enter into intimate relations with Russia—more intimate than she ever could obtain through the medium of a Russian play. Gossip has it that she will enter into the bonds of matrimony before very long with a Russian General, Annenkoff by name. And thereby hangs a little story. Recently in Paris, Mlle. Rhea attended the Asiatic exhibition with her lover, the Russian general. There they saw a magnificent robe of red velvet, embroidered in gold, the work of experts in Bokhara, Turkestan. It is of great value, which makes all the more significant the fact that the devoted general bought it on the spot and presented it to Rhea, who will wear it during her engagement at the Grand Opera House, commencing Thursday evening, Nov. 5. Among the leading members of Rhea's company is Mr. William Harris, who will be remembered for a very polished and artistic performance of Napoleon when Rhea played Josephine about a year ago. Rhea is a lady who has made her reputation on two continents as one of the greatest and most gifted actresses of the century. And nothing fictitious about this reputation either. Rhea never lost her diamonds, she has never been the cause of a gory duel, she has never been in the divorce court and she has never run away with another woman's husband. Not a breath of suspicion has ever been raised against her. She is great simply because she has been endowed with divine talent, which has been divinely used.

The farce comedy, A High Roller, that opens at the Academy on this Saturday, has several spectacular effects, one of which is an electrical song and dance called Flirtation, that was devised by Barney Fagan, who plays one of the principal characters. It is an ingenious and clever thing, and will become as successful here as it has been elsewhere. Mr. Fagan has no peer in the dancing line, and his numerous appearances here in "black face" when he was with Primrose & West's minstrels and other large minstrel companies, made him a great favorite in Toronto. Besides Mr. Fagan there is John D. Gilbert, than whom there is no more clever and funnier man on the stage today. Mr. Gilbert writes all of his own songs, his latest topical song being Don't Get in the Habit of It. The company numbers twenty people, and all have plenty of work in the comedy line to do.

### A Late Literary Production.

"Have you anything new?" asked a customer of a recently engaged clerk in a Chicago bookstore.

"I'll see," replied the young man, as he swept his eye over the shelves. "Yes, here's 'The New Testament.' Would you like to look at it?"

### An Awkward Remark.

"I think that Miss Seabeach is awfully horrid."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"She met me on the hotel piazza and said: 'Why, Miss Pawe, I'm so glad to meet you, I haven't seen you in a hundred years.'"

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
BERMUDA
Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS
BARBADOS
Trinidad and West Indies, SATURDAYS
ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,
72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Paris Kid Glove Store
JUST ARRIVED
Swede Mousquitaire Gloves
In all the newest shades.
Special Lines in Glace for Fall Wear
Derby Gloves, Ladies' Driving Gloves
Our Dressmaking and Millinery Department
is now open with a full line of all the latest novelties. We are showing some very elegant materials for
Evening Gowns, Brides and Bridesmaids' Dresses, Dinner Gowns Visiting Costumes, etc.
TAILOR MADE AND STREET COSTUMES
In great variety.
WM. STITT & CO.
11 and 13 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.
Special attention given to orders by post.

THERE is a purity of tone coloring in the
STECK PIANO
that is almost human in its sweetness. The
STECK PIANO
is a creation. Its tone has a distinct individuality. Most other American pianos are imitations of this great original.
We carry also a stock of the now justly celebrated
NEW SCALE DOMINION PIANOS
and of the world famous
DUNHAM PIANOS
FARWELL & GLENDON
Warerooms: 68 King St West.

GRAY HAIR
CAN BE RESTORED TO ITS
ORIGINAL COLOR
BY USING
Imperial Hair Regenerator
Seven Colors—Ash Blonde to Jet Black.
CAN BE HAD AT
McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE
230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

XMAS IN EUROPE
BY THE
CUNARD LINE
Passengers leaving New York per
SS. UMBRIA, DECEMBER 12
Will arrive in England on the 19th inst.
Tickets and information from—
W. A. GEDDES - Agent
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

TOURS
OF EVERY VARIETY
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Tourist Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

5 O'CLOCK TEA KETTLES AND STANDS
RICE LEWIS & SON
(LIMITED)
King and Victoria Streets, Toronto

INVITATIONS
To Weddings, Dinner, Dance and Juvenile Parties
Menu Cards, Visiting Cards, Ball Programmes, Etc.
THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS
JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

## Garments and Garnitures.

THOUGH not an individual part of each costume, the foundation skirt is by no means abandoned; made of silk, most perfectly fitted, trimmed at the foot with narrow ruffles, one or two plaitings and just escaping the ground, it replaces the conventional petticoat, and when one wears black dresses habitually, one petticoat or foundation skirt will serve for several dresses. When colors are worn, it is usual to have this underskirt matching in color the material of the dress, and on the street only the dress skirt is raised. This is a favorite arrangement with those who wish to utilize a long skirt for walking; but a woman clutching the back of her skirt can never look graceful (and with the present styles she cannot raise it otherwise), and it should not be forgotten that grace and fitness are essential elements of beauty. No one will deny that a long skirt is more becoming than a short one; but when it is raised on the street, as every refined, self-respecting woman will have it, the object for which it was chosen is defeated. Even the most enthusiastic advocate of long skirts will admit that, for the street, a skirt swinging clear of the ground, leaving the hands free, is more comfortable.

For a bridal traveling suit, chestnut brown, chocolate, green, or navy blue will be selected in preference to the gray, which immediately betrays the bride. Bedford cords, bengaline, *crepon*, and other woolen goods are the materials selected, and the combination or garniture usually is of velvet in a darker shade of color.

Skirts that escape the ground are promised us for all walking dresses. In the meantime the manufacturers of tailor-made gowns are shortening the skirts as much as their customers will permit, and using smooth-faced cloths, in light shades of tan, reseda, blue, and rose, for their handsomest designs. Some of the tailor-made skirts thus shortened have seams covered with velvet folds, galloon, or fur, and others are rather wider than hitherto, with clusters of plaits at the back held in place by elastic straps. Soft, pliable camels' hair goods in wide diagonal weavings and feather stripes, waved (*ondulé*) and chevron stripes, are seen in dark browns, stone colors, navy blue, and blue-black as well as jet black. A great deal of velvet is combined with cloth dresses, and the usual garnitures are fur and braiding. Some of the new tailor-gowns have belted waists with yokes and plastrons, as well as the usual tailor bodice, the postillion coat, or the Louis Quinze coat, and all have plain sleeves with slight fullness at the top. Velvet bodices and pointed corselets are used with the striped cloth skirts, and velvet coats are also worn with wool skirts. Velvet breadths inserted to form a slight demi-train also give elegance to princess dresses of black camels' hair. An extreme use is made of the new Bedford cords and *plisse* wool fabrics, which are often striped in two colors, and have selvedges of plain color which serve as trimming. Combinations of color as well as material are not unusual in gowns intended for the promenade. For instance, a blue serge dress has a deep yoke of red corduroy velvet striped with blue; a black cloth has emerald-green corduroy velvet in combination, forming cuffs, collar, and skirt border; and some of the new woven goods are themselves in vivid color combinations, with tucks of a color in contrast with the ground, such as blue and coral pink with pendent jet beads on the edges of the tucks.

Capes of black velvet, plain and brocaded silk, and short-napped plush, are worn with colored dresses.

The popularity of the silk waist for house wear is increasing rather than waning, and the independent waist will be a feature of winter dressing. Plain and fancy silks, cashmere, camels' hair serge, and even the pretty printed delaines are used for the purpose, and with two or three inexpensive waists and a demi-train skirt, one may have a pleasing variety in the home toilet at little expense.

Gold braid, gold cord edgings and *motifs*, are often used to set off otherwise simple costumes, to outline seams, edge draperies and folds, and finish the coat-skirts. Bodices, sleeves and other edges of the basques are frequently finished with ornamental cordings and braids, or with fine fringes. Deep "shower" fringes composed of countless strands of finest strung jets are put on around the bottom of foundation skirts so that the ends of the fringe just touch the foot of the skirt and the heading is concealed by the drop-skirt or drapery. Openwork passementeries with neither edge precisely finished are set up on the skirt and across it, the lower edge of the garniture coming within three or four inches of the bottom. Such trimming is usually susceptible of being divided into *motifs* or separate ornaments for waist garniture. Garnitures with pendants, excepting for evening wear, are seldom made use of, with the exception of ornaments for cloaks and wraps. Handsome sets of braiding, braiding, or gold and silver embroideries, compose *guilte*, chemisette, and sleevepieces and may be used on costumes of any material. The *guilte* is usually placed on the right side of the foundation skirt, and the real skirt slashed to fall open over it.

LA MODE.

### A Suggestive Nickname.

"Philadelphia's a queer town," said the drummer at the Cadillac the other evening to the usual crowd of listeners. "Of course the grass doesn't grow knee deep on Chestnut street, as New Yorkers would have you believe, but, all the same, it is a fearfully quiet place, if you've been used to hustling. I was there on my last trip, and had to go to the postoffice for a letter I was expecting. There was a yap evidently from Jersey at the general delivery window, and I had to wait for him. He was having a dispute with a very saucy young clerk, who was doing his best to queer the Jerseyman.

"'Did you say, inquired the clerk, 'that you wanted a letter for Miss Philadelphia Pickling?'

"'Yes,' said the yap. 'I said Philadelphy Pickling.'

"The clerk took a pile of letters, ran over them and tossed one on to the window sill.

"'Is that right?' he asked.

"'Course,' replied the man studying the address a moment. 'Is that all?'

"'Course,' mimicked the clerk. 'You don't want the earth, do you?'

"'Yes, ef I can git it,' said the other unexpectedly. 'Got any more questions to ask?'

"'Well, yes, I have,' said the clerk slowly. 'Will you tell me if "Philadelphia" is that lady's real name, or is it a nickname? I never heard of such a name for anybody.'

"'It's her nickname.'

"'And what in thunder did they give her such a name as that for?'

"'Cause she's so doggoned quiet that folks don't know half the time whether she's dead or asleep.'

"As he got out to let me to the window he grinned till the back of his neck showed through and the clerk's face was a study."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Echoes of the Summer Siege.

"Well," said the old gentleman as he sat down at breakfast, "I'm glad this summer-resort business is over with at last. Now maybe we'll be rid of that young fellow Lightjingle, who hung around Clara so much."

"Papa," said Clara, "I must ask you to mention Mr. Lightjingle in terms of respect."

"Why?"

"We are engaged."

"Oh! Anyhow he's better than that ninny Snaggles or that little monkey of a Jilliggins."

"Papa," Clara exclaimed with emphasis, "I trust that you will never again use such language in speaking of either Mr. Snaggles or Mr. Biliggins."

"Why not?"

"Because I am engaged to them also."

### Worse Yet.

Man of the House—What's the trouble, James?

James—Why, sór, th' roan mare kicked me on th' ribs this mornin' sor, an' I belave some of me ribs be broken. (Groans.)

Man of the House—Oh, there's no ribs broken, I'm sure, or you couldn't be walking about.

James—Well, sor, if they ain't broken, begorra, they're bent.


PALMS PALMS

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine health plants from $1 00 up. Palms two feet high for $2 50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

**Choice Roses**, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. **Bridal Bouquets** and **Wedding Decorations** a specialty. **Floral Tributes** of all kinds made on short notice.

**S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street**

Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

WE have just opened the very latest styles in French, English and American Millinery Novelties.

**MISS PAYNTER**

Millinery Parlors } 3 Rossin Block King Street West.

**FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM**

63 King Street West—(up stairs)

Opposite *Mail* Office.

**MRS. A. BLACK,** Mgr.

We are now prepared to show a full and complete assortment of

**FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY**

Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

**Miraculous Water**

IS USED

**FOR**

Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying

**THE COMPLEXION**

Ask your druggist for it, or send to

**P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West**

*Armson & Stone.*

**CHIFFON**

Is the material, and we wish our patrons to feel that to meet the demand we are doing our best, and although our 25c line is almost gone we have advice of a large shipment from Paris, which we expect in in a few days.

**212 YONGE STREET**

**S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen**

THE question of how to spend one's evenings comes to the front at this season of the year. It is suggestive of a proper costume for evening wear.

What say you to a silk dress in one of the pretty evening shades that this store is showing? Say a mauve, blue, pink, Nile, heliotrope or cornflower blue. Any of these hold first rank among fashionable colors. Your choice may cover a faille silk, broche or other leading lines, as you may wish. We've got them all, and in all runs of price, from 60c. to $2 75.

'Tis a great store for silks wherever you take us. Our blacks are creating a kind of furore these days, especially our three great leaders, for in each case our price is away below ordinary silk prices.

Black Gros Grain, leader, 55c.
Black Gros Grain, leader, 69c.
Black Gros Grain, leader, 85c.

And our other silks in black may be counted thus:

Black Luxors, 85c., 90c., $1, $1 25.
Black Beuche, 75c., 85c., $1, $1 25.
Black Satins, 45c., 75c., $1, $1 25.
Black Merv, 37½c., 45c., 55c., 65c.
Black Failles, 75c., 85c., $1.
Black Bengalines, $1, $1 25, $1 50
Black Surahs, 25c., 50c., 60c., 85c.

You save money ordering silks by letter. Write for samples.

**R. SIMPSON**

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

**Canadian Domestic Employment Agency**

3 Gerrard Street East

Situations out of the city promptly attended to.

Ladies' work emporium in connection. Orders taken for Preserves, Condiments, Pickles, etc. References: Lady Macpherson, Chestnut Park; Mrs. Boddy, St. Peter's Rectory, Winchester St.; Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahoney.

**FALL MILLINERY**

**MISS STEVENS**

251 Yonge St.

All the Novelties in

Fashion and Fabric

From France, England and America

Mourning Goods IN THE Latest Style

Fans and Perfumes New Veilings

WE respectfully invite your attention to a new and choice selection of

Paris, London and New York

Pattern Bonnets Hats and Toques

ALSO

Parisian Novelties IN Veilings, Trimmings ETC.

**MISS BURNETT**

117 Yonge Street - Toronto

**MILLINERY**

See our complete and well assorted stock for the season. Latest and leading styles, newest designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.

**Dress and Mantle Making Our Art**

Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.

**DRESS CUTTING**

taught daily by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Indorsements to agents.

Established 1860

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge St. - Toronto

**LADIES, SINGERS, ELOCUTIONISTS**

DON'T WEAR CORSETS

But for Comfort and Beauty try

DRESS REFORM EQUIPOISE WAIST

Ordered Corsets FROM ANY PATTERN

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

THE AMERICAN CORSET & DRESS REFORM CO.

Yonge 316 Street. Agents Ypsilanti Underwear.

**J. C. WALKER & CO.**

PHOTOGRAPHERS

**147 Yonge Street**

Are making the highest grade of photographic work in all departments. A trial will convince you.

See Their Life Size Crayons

SOMETHING that is indispensible to the comfort of every person resident in this climate is a rubber

**HOT WATER BOTTLE**

The most complete stock of Water Bottles and all kinds of Rubber Goods is to be found at

**THE GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE**

**12 King Street West**

**JAMES HARRIS**

Manufacturing Furrier

SPECIAL NOTICE—The public will find my establishment the best and cheapest place in the city for

**Fine Fur Goods**

Seal Garments a Specialty

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

**99 YONGE STREET**

**TORONTO**

**D. GRANT & CO.**

WILL SHOW ON MONDAY

**400 NEW PATTERN MANTLES**

Bought At 25 per cent. Discount

**40 PIECES NEW SEALETTES**

Extra Value

**Magnificent Display of Millinery**

**D. GRANT & CO., 206 and 208 Yonge Street**

**LADIES' HAIRDRESSING**

The Most Important Factor of Personal Appearance and Refinement

Is yet neglected by a great number of fair ladies of Toronto.

With the hair a lady can make herself look old, young, attractive, pleasant, severe, unpleasant or repulsive.

There is no excuse for a lady who spends hundreds of dollars on a dress for a ball or party whose hair is most uncomfortably dressed.

Hairdressing is an art, and requires a long and experienced study of the shapes of heads and faces, as there are not two alike.

Ladies desiring their hair dressed during the Winter Season in the

Latest Styles for Balls, Soirees, Weddings, Theater, Concerts, Photos, etc.

Are kindly requested to make their appointments a few days in advance so as to avoid disappointment.

Handsome and pretty Hair Ornaments.
Hair goods ready-made or made to order in all styles.
Hair Dyes and Hair Dyed in natural or fashionable colors.
Fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles in great choice.

**J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.**

441 Yonge St., cor. Carlton Street, Toronto.

Largest and Handsomest Hair Goods, Hair Dressing and Perfumery Establishment in Canada.

**DORENWEND'S**

Is the Leading House for Fashionable

**HAIR GOODS**

The latest and most

ARTISTIC STYLES

In Wigs, Bangs, switches etc.

Largest, Best and Cheapest House in the Dominion.

Finest Hair Dressing Room on the Continent.

Telephone 1551

**105 Yonge St**

Send for circular.

*Standard Dress Bone*

**"UNEQUALLED"**

IS THE VERDICT

OF

All Those Who Have Used the

**STANDARD DRESS BONES**

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

**FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING**

MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the fall and winter styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

**LADIES**

ASK FOR

**BARBOUR'S**

LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes

Sold by All Dealers

# THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER X.

NEILLSON'S DREAM.

For a man of my humble birth I, Philip Neillson, have passed through a strange and checkered life, and now in the autumn of my days can look back upon a series of remarkable incidents such as few men know of. But there is one which far above all the rest I find myself often pondering upon, partly because there is no man in this enlightened world, be he philosopher or man of science or book-learned, who can explain it to me, partly because it is one of those marvelous instances which sometimes occur showing by what slight means great mysteries may be solved.

It is my object here to set down in writing only that incident and what followed thereon. The other awful events in my life I do not here intend to dwell upon. I told them once to my young master when hideous death stared us in the face and we seemed to be on the threshold of eternity, and since then I have told them to no one; nor shall I ever.

It was four months after my young master, Lord Bernard, and I were carried by the tide, more dead than alive, on the dike beside Canavon Castle. My recovery, unaided as I was by a vigorous constitution and hardened frame, trained to all manner of athletic exercises such as his, was very slow indeed, and I was still only able to crawl about with the aid of a strong stick and leaning on my sister's arm. I was, of course, in a weak nervous state, and very susceptible to any mental derangement; but what happened could have had no connection with my state of health for a very obvious reason.

All through the weary period of my illness my sleep at nights had been constantly broken by horrible dreams and nightmares, most of them bearing on the tragical episodes in which I had been one of the minor figures. But as I regained a little strength and was able to take more exercise they grew less and less frequent, until I was almost altogether free of them. For a fortnight I had slept peacefully and undisturbed; then one night I had a strange dream, or rather a vision.

It was no nightmare full of lurid coloring and fierce sensation. It could scarcely be called a dream, because there was in it no sequence of events or moving figures. It was a vision. Before my eyes, utterly devoid of any connection with any person or surroundings standing as it were in a chaos of its own, I saw a single object—a plain gold bracelet.

When I awoke I thought of it as curious, and no more. During the day it vanished altogether from my memory. But at night a strange thing happened. The vision was reproduced in an exactly similar manner.

This time it set me thinking, but strangely enough to no immediate purpose. I could not connect the bracelet with any tangible train of circumstances. It is strange that I failed to do so, but so it was.

On the third night the vision came to me again, but in a different manner. This time the bracelet was clasped high up on the white cold arm of a sleeping or dead woman. It seemed to me in my vision that this time the bracelet seemed to recall something to my mind.

I thought of a morning far back in the past, when I had entered my young master's dressing-room and found him bending, with flushed, handsome face, over two monogrammed bracelets that had just arrived from a jeweller in Paris. They were open, and while I was pouring the water into his bath and making preparations for his toilet, I had a good view of them. They both contained gold bracelets, exactly similar in every respect. Very soon afterwards I became aware that my master was wearing one on his right arm. The other I know that he presented to Mademoiselle D'Angerville.

The whole vision of that morning and of the two bracelets passed before my eyes like a flash. Then, again, I found myself with my eyes riveted upon that motionless white arm with its plain gold band. It seemed to me that it was exactly similar to those other two, save in one small respect. There was a little round knob near the fastening, which showed where it opened. On the others the design had evidently been to avoid showing this and thus carry to its extreme the idea of absolute simplicity.

When I looked a strange thing happened. Another hand of almost unnatural whiteness, with long, slim, colorless fingers, slowly loomed into shape and deliberately turned the bracelet round on the arm. The effect was to hide that small knob and to render the bracelet apparently exactly similar to the other two. When this was effectually done, the hand slowly disappeared, as though it had dissolved into the air.

There followed a space of time, the length of which I had no means of determining; then the bracelet slowly slipped round to its former position. It had scarcely become quite stationary before the hand loomed into sight again and slowly turned it round so as to hide the fastenings. This happened three times; then I awoke.

The whole of that day I remained in a sort of dazed state, pondering over this strange dream of mine. On the morrow a ray of light came to me. I rose early, after a long and dreamless night's rest, and, packing a small bag, announced my intention of taking a journey.

Of course my poor old mother protested loudly against the rashness and folly of my doing anything of the sort. I should be recognized, she said, and arrested at once; but I bade her remember what my appearance had been at the time when my description had been given to the police, and what it was now. My illness had done me one good service. None could possibly have recognized in the William Smith, as I called myself now, the Philip Neillson, valet to his late lordship the Earl of Alceston, and suspected of his murder. The one had been tall, dark, and smooth shaven; the William Smith of the present was a man apparently sixteen years, with bent frame, tottering foot-steps, and snow white hair and beard. Even my mother felt herself silenced when I reminded her of my changed appearance.

It took me two days to get down into Leicestershire. My first care on arriving there, I resented myself at Gorton Park and asked to see Lady Alceston.

I was told at first that it was impossible. She saw no one! But I sent my name up in a sealed letter, and the man came quickly back. Her ladyship would see me at once.

They led me through many rooms and along many passages to a small, darkened chamber. A gray-haired, sad-faced woman looked up strangely and eagerly at me from the depths of a low chair, and my heart, which had at first almost stood still, beat fast, and my eyes filled with tears. If I was changed, what was she? Where was her sunny, brown hair and dazzling complexion, and bewildering smile, which once had made her one of society's beauties? Gone, all gone! It was a trembling old woman who leaned forward towards me in the twilight, with nothing save the queenly poise of her small head to remind me of the Lady Alceston of the past.

"Neillson! No, it cannot be! My God, how you are changed; or are you disguised?" she said, in a low, half-fearful whisper.

I shook my head. "Nature has disguised me, your ladyship," I said. "I have been ill."

"Come here, Neillson, and give me your hand. It does me good to see someone—who knows. My son has been here, and the agony in his eyes kills me. I had to send him away! Why have you come? You have a reason. Is it quite safe, do you think?"

I stroked my long beard, and standing in the firelight, pointed to my wrinkled face and deep sunken eyes, and looked downward at my tottering limbs.

"I think that it is safe," I said. "Does not your ladyship think so?"

She looked at me with an infinite pity softening her haggard face and the tears forcing themselves into her eyes.

"Yes! It is safe," she said. "But why have you come? You had a reason."

"Ay, I had a reason, your ladyship. I have had a strange vision."

"Ah!"

"Three times I have seen in the dead of night, before my closed eyes, one object. I have seen a bracelet upon the arm of a dead woman."

"My God!"

"Your ladyship, many years ago, when I was with—Lord Clanavon he was then—in France, he bought two gold bracelets. One he gave to the woman he married, one—he wore himself."

"I knew it," she moaned.

"You know it," I repeated eagerly. "Did you ever see it, my lady? Can you tell me what it is like?"

"Neillson," she said, hoarsely, "it is strange that you should ask me this. Listen, and I will tell you something. Two days before the funeral I read an account of that murder in the Bethnal Green road. In the examination of the woman there there was a plain gold bracelet, high up upon her right arm."

"Go on," I murmured; "go on."

"Then I remembered that my lord was still wearing his; that it might be seen; that the coincidence might be territed out by some busybody. Who could tell what might happen! Strange things come to light nowadays, and truth is like cork held down beneath the waters, ever seeking to rise to the surface. A nameless, haunting fear seized hold of me, and in the dead of night I stole to his room—"

"Yes! yes!"

"And I took the bracelet from off his arm."

"You have it now," I cried. "It is here."

"It is."

She rose slowly from her chair, and with the aid of a stick crossed the room and unlocked a cabinet. In a few minutes she returned, holding in her hands a gold bracelet.

I snatched it from her, and bent forward eagerly over the fire. The flames shone upon its dull, even surface, and I turned it quickly round. It was certainly one of the two which I had seen long ago on my master's dressing table. I knew it from the peculiarity of its perfectly plain con'our without visible fastenings. It was one of those two bracelets, but the bracelet which I had seen in my dream was different.

I felt excited and restless, and I sat looking forward in my chair, whilst wild, disconnected thoughts chased one another rapidly through my brain. My memory had not played me false then! The bracelet on that dead arm was not the fellow one to this. But what meant that strangest part of my vision, the deliberate turning round of the bracelet as though to hide that sole difference between them? My brain whirled with conjectures; but through the maze decision came.

I looked up to find her ladyship watching me with a strange, awesome intentness. She asked no question in words, but her looks demanded an explanation. What could I say to her?

"My dream has all unsettled me," I said in a low tone. "May I keep this?" and I touched it with my forefinger, "for a while?"

"For ever," she answered, with a shudder. "Take it away and let me see no more of it."

I rose, and stood before her as though to take my leave.

"You cannot go to night," she said. "It is late. Why in such a hurry?"

I looked at my watch. The evening was far advanced. I could do nothing until to-morrow.

"They shall get you a room ready here," she said, "and some supper. Ring the bell."

I obeyed her, and she gave her orders. Then she dismissed me.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked curiously, as I turned to go.

I hesitated. It was hard to explain. Yet I must say something.

"My dream," I muttered. "I want to verify a part of it. It haunts me."

She said no more, but glanced at me compassionately. She thought, doubtless, that trouble and illness had turned my brain. I said no more, but went. It was better for her to think so.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN DANGER AT SCOTLAND YARD.

The early train on the following morning conveyed me to London, and in the afternoon, after having made a few changes in my attire, I did what many would doubtless have considered a foolhardy thing, but which, owing to the great change in my appearance, was tolerably safe. I, Philip Neillson, "wanted" by the police for the murder of a peer of the realm, presented myself at Scotland Yard, and after having read through in the waiting-room a bill on which all particulars concerning me and my full description were set forth, was ushered into the presence of one of the superintendents.

Here I made a fatal calculation, which came very near upsetting all my plans. I presented myself as Richard Ashdale, a schoolmaster from Beeton, near York, and explained to the inspector that in an old newspaper, which had only recently fallen into my hands, I had read the account of the murder of a woman in a street off Bethnal Green road. I had had a niece in London, whom I had lost sight of since a little before that time, and I knew that she had always worn a bracelet above her elbow on her right arm in the same place as the bracelet on the murdered woman. I had called to see whether they would allow me to inspect the bracelet with a view to identifying it as my niece's property.

The inspector listened to me in silence, and I noticed that a clerk sitting at a desk by his side wrote down in shorthand every word I said. I suppose it was all a matter of form, but it made me feel rather uneasy.

When I had finished I was asked to describe my niece, which, being now on my guard, I did without hesitation. She was fair, I said, with red-brown hair and a fair complexion, tall and very slim, but finely shaped, with dark eyes and had lived like a lady. The inspector took down a ledger and appeared to compare my description with an entry there. Then he unlocked a drawer, and after a brief search handed me a bracelet.

My heart gave a great leap, but I struggled hard to hide my agitation. The bracelet I held in my hand was exactly similar to the one which her ladyship had given me, except in one particular—the fastening—and in that particular it was exactly similar to the one which I had seen in my dream.

I examined it carefully and then handed it back to the inspector.

"I am very happy to see that this bracelet is not the one my niece wore," I said in a tone of forced relief. "It is far plainer and more massive."

The inspector looked at me steadily.

"You are quite sure of that, I suppose," he asked. "It happens curiously enough that your description of your niece exactly tallies with the description of the murdered woman. That seems a strange coincidence."

I shook my head.

"At any rate that bracelet was not the one she wore," I said, slowly rising to my feet. "I am sorry to have troubled you, though of course I am glad to have my mind set at ease."

"Naturally," he said. "Good morning!"

"Good morning, sir!"

I left the office with beating heart, glad to get safely away and conscious that in more ways than one I had been imprudent. Immediately the door was closed I heard a sharp whistle behind me, which I concluded to come from the repeating tube in the inspector's room. On my way out I passed through the office with which it communicated, and one of the clerks was just letting fall the tube which he had been holding in his hands.

"Detective Harrison is wanted for immediate duty," he said, turning to a little knot of men close to the door. One of them, a tall thin man, who had been lounging about listening to the conversation, immediately went to the counter.

"Where for instructions?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Superintendent Howe's room," the clerk answered.

The detective nodded, and strolled off. I passed through the door and made my exit as quickly as possible. I was not exactly alarmed, but I was certainly disturbed. Superintendent Howe was the officer from whom I had just come.

Certain vague ideas had now assumed a tangible shape in my mind, and I was slowly developing some sort of a plan of action. After I left Scotland Yard I walked for about an hour, thinking deeply and quite unconscious of what direction I was taking. When I had come to a conclusion I found myself in the Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, and stopped short meaning to turn round and make my way back to Waterloo. In doing so I came face to face with a man carrying a small black bag, and walking as though in a great hurry. He did not glance at me, but I knew him. It was the detective, told off for immediate service at Scotland Yard, and it flashed upon me in a moment that that immediate service was to watch me while they inquired into the truth of my story.

I made no sign of having recognized him, and slowly crossed the road, taking care to affect all the caution of a countryman. Then I went into the telegraph office, and wrote out a telegram to Mr. Richard Ashdale, Beeton, near York.

"It is not Carrie. Am returning to-night."

Although it was late or death for me, I could not help admiring the unobtrusive way in which he kept close to me. He was at the counter when I handed my fictitious message in, and of course read it. I waited for him going out, and when he was within hearing, addressed a clergyman who was passing.

"Could you inform me, sir," I asked, pulling off my hat, "where I could obtain a chop, or some slight refreshment of the sort, at a moderate cost?"

The clergyman stopped and considered.

"Are you pressed for time?" he asked.

I answered him that I was, and, as I had expected, he pointed to Gatti's restaurant.

"You had better go in there, then, I think," he said. "It is rather noisy, but cheap and close at hand."

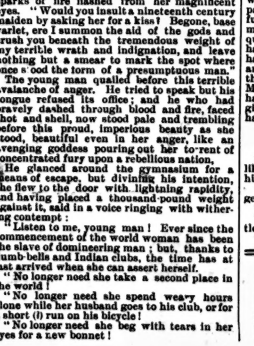
I thanked him, and entered the swing doors. I had calculated, and correctly, that the detective would not follow me for a minute or two; so I had time to execute the stratagem which had occurred to me. I walked straight down the center of the room and out of the opposite doors, called a hansom, and drove off to Waterloo. That night I was safe in Paris, without having seen anything more of Mr. Harrison.

*(To be Continued.)*


A Depreciated Curiosity.

Guest—What's that peculiar gurgling sound out in the other room! Sounds as if somebody's choking.

Mr. Cockrel—My nephew in the navy brought me a valuable toucan from South America the other day. That's his natural cry. Would you like to see him?



Freddy Cockrel (as his father appears at doorway)—You've had three shots, Dick. Now let me plunk him once.

The only preparation which can prove effectual for removing pimples and other skin eruptions is the Persian Lotion. Sold by all druggists, 50c. a bottle.

Extract from a Modern Novel.

"What!" thundered the beautiful girl as sparks of fire flashed from her magnificent eyes. "Would you insult a nineteenth century maiden by asking her for a kiss! Begone, base varlet, ere I summon the aid of the gods and crush you beneath the tremendous weight of my terrible wrath and indignation, and leave nothing but a smear to mark the spot where once stood the form of a presumptuous man."

The young man quailed before this terrible avalanche of anger. He tried to speak but his tongue refused its office; and he who had bravely dashed through blood and fire, faced shot and shell, now stood pale and trembling before this proud, impetuous beauty as she stood, beautiful even in her anger, like an avenging goddess pouring out her torrent of concentrated fury upon a rebellious nation.

He glanced around the gymnasium for a means of escape, but divining his intention, she flew to the door with lightning rapidity, and having placed a thousand-pound weight against it, said in a voice ringing with withering contempt:

"Listen to me, young man! Ever since the commencement of the world woman has been the slave of domineering man; but, thanks to dumb-bells and Indian clubs, the time has at last arrived when she can assert herself.

"No longer need she take a second place in the world!

"No longer need she spend weary hours alone while her husband goes to his club, or for a short (?) run on his bicycle!

"No longer need she beg with tears in her eyes for a new bonnet!

"Do you understand me?" she said, with a stamp of her foot which shook the building.

"Ye—r—r—yes!" he said, "but—"

"What! dare you contradict me?" she stormed, the flame of her anger bursting forth again.

"But the w—w—woman w—w—was made for the——"

He did not finish the sentence, for with a look that would have set fire to a block of ice she took his measure, and with a strength born of desperation, she seized a fifty six pound shot and threw it with such terrific force that it penetrated the six-inch iron door and was lost in space.

The young man, feeling very small, crept through the hole the shot had made.

Our new fall and winter goods should be seen by every lady who admires a stylish and artistic gown, Miss Johnston having returned from Europe with the latest novelties. Dress goods for street, carriage and evening wear. Bridal trousseau a speciality. We invite you to inspect our choice selection of evening wear, silks, gauzes, etc. E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west.

At the Luncheon Hour.

Marietta—I know that Ann Teak's age isn't within five years of what you say, because I saw the entry myself in the family Bible.

Laura—Goodness! That must have been a copy of the revised edition.

Nine Long Years.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., Feb. 1, 1899, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as the most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

Incomplete.

Gazzam (looking up from the newspaper)—That's the longest sentence I ever heard of.

Mrs. Gazzam—What?

Gazzam—Fifty years.

Mrs. Gazzam (who was once a school-teacher)—It isn't a sentence at all. It has no verb.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Beware of imitations.

At Vassar.

Penelope—Every tongue in college was wagging yesterday. You ought to have been here.

Cora—Dick (in a tremor of curiosity)—What over?

Penelope (quietly)—Gum.

Do You Want to Go to Mexico?

Beginning last January a series of articles was published in SATURDAY NIGHT descriptive of Mexico and its innumerable delights as a winter resort for tourists. These and other articles published in the Canadian press, with the growing popularity of Mexico as her attractiveness becomes better known, induce Mr. J. Grafton, whose annual tours to Alaska, Mexico, California and throughout the United States are so well and favorably known, to make a special effort to organize a Canadian section to accompany his next party to the land of the Aztecs. No doubt a great many people are interested in that almost unknown republic so far to the south of us, and they may find heal h, pleasure and commercial profit by joining one of Mr. Grafton's parties. The expense is only $350.00, including all accommodation, meals, etc., in the special vestibuled trains of Pullman, drawing-room and dining cars, carriages, hotel bills, hire of guides and interpreters, and in fact this sum covers everything that one needs while on a trip. For this money those who join the first trip in January or the second one in February, may enjoy over seven thousand miles of travel living in the car as comfortably almost as at their own home and being free from the vexations and bad food of Mexican hostelries. The fact that they cannot speak the language will not interrupt their pleasure, as Mr. Grafton and others who thoroughly understand showing tourists through the southern republic, will accompany them. Those who desire to spend longer in the Wonderland of America may have their tickets extended, and everybody having any thought of taking a trip into the Egypt of the new world, this land of pyramids and temples, palms and pinery, those who wish to see the snow-crowned Orizaba and the towering pinnacles of Popocatapet l, the luxuriant foliage of the tropics and the wild scenery of gorge and canyon, should apply to Mr. J. J. Grafton, manager of the tours, 199 Clark street, Chicago, who will be glad to send tourists illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the itinery and giving full particulars with regard to the smallest minutiae and the extent of the trip and the requirements of the tourists. All those who have traveled with Mr. Grafton are willing to vouch for his names as a reputable man, and amongst them those who desire to feel certain of the way tourists are used, might drop a line to Mr. E. H. Jackes, 70 Church street, city, who has himself traveled with Mr. Grafton and can give the names of many Torontonians who have done the same.

Fa her's Way Out.

The young man felt that he was in love, and, like a wise young man, had decided to consult his father in the matter.

"She's beautiful, of course," said the old gentleman, after hearing the confession.

"O, father, she's——"

"Never mind that," interrupted the old gentleman. "I know it all. Good family?"

"One of the best in the city," exclaimed the young man. "Why, her father, when he was alive, was——"

"Father dead?" interrupted the old gentleman again.

"Yes. She's an orphan."

"Um—well, that's no fault of hers. Have you stopped to think how you will take care of her?"

"O, but she's rich, father!" exclaimed the young man, joyfully. "She's worth £40,000 in her own right."

The old gentleman shook his head doubtfully.

"Never marry a girl for money, my boy," he said; "never marry a girl for money. You'll regret it if you do."

"But, father——"

"Never marry a girl for money," repeated the old gentleman, meditatively. "It makes more trouble in this world than any other one thing. Hark!" he added, suddenly interrupting himself, "if you can love a girl who has money, for heaven's sake do it."

"I can, father! I can!" exclaimed the young man.

"My blessing, my boy. I am proud of you."

A Social Departure

aptly expresses the action of nearly every lady this season when buying their underwear, the now celebrated

"HEALTH BRAND"

undervests will be worn exclusively. The ladies of this country learned their value last fall and winter.

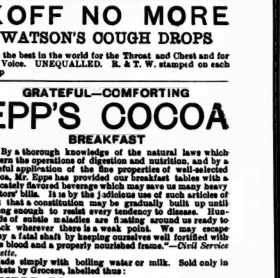
Beware of imitations, unless you see the word HEALTH stamped upon the garment, it is not genuine.

Note this carefully.

FOR SALE BY

EVERY FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS HOUSE

Capilline will restore in a few days the hair to its original color and at the same time prevent its falling out by keeping the scalp clean.




They might be doing a good deal worse than talking about our Home Furnishings, for they're the talk of the town. Don't make any mistake about them. On some purchases you can't be far out of the way; on these you cannot be out at all. Buyers take no chances with them—they have what racing men call a dead sure thing. Reasonable prices don't wan't the earth, but they do want what is coming to them, and they're right in seeing that they get it.

We give equal treatment to every purchaser, and whether it be a room or the entire house that needs furnishing rest assured that you can't get better value than here.

CASH OR CREDIT—ONE PRICE

C. F. Adams' Company

HOME FURNISHINGS

177 to 179 Yonge St., through to 6 Queen St. East

C. S. CORYELL, Mgr. Tel. 2233

KOFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Are the best in the world for the Throat and Chest and for the Voice. UNEQUALLED. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPP'S COCOA

BREAKFAST

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists

London, England.

The Great Rheumatic Remedy

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

No. "49 448" A Sure Cure

C. D. DANIEL & CO.

Chemists, 171 King Street East

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.

Tea and Coffee Merchants

63½ King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

TELEPHONE 1807

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

TEABERRY.

ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Agency, 291 College Street

## The Mediation of Money.

"I shore hopes you all ain't onjust enough to go a blaimin' of me about it," said Old Monte pathetically as he sought comfort in his deep grief at the Gold Mine bar. "I wasn't almin' nuthin' when I brings her into camp."

"Oh! Thar ain't nothing goin' on blaimin' you pertic'lar," said Armstrong with sour grimness. "Only you needn't be lookin' for no ovation on account of it, neither. Your bringin' of her has shorely busted Pete wide open, you can gamble on that."

"When she take the stage in Tucson," asked Rosewood Jim, "don't she tip her hand none—don'a she outline her little game to you nor nuthin'? I hears females is great talkers, that way; not allers, of course, but usual."

"She don't tip nuthin'," said Old Monte desperately as he took such a swallow of whiskey that, had it been water, would have consoled a parched cow. "I reckon we all is twenty miles out from Tucson when all at once this yere old Razor Back, she turns to me and says: 'Do you all know a party named Big Pete Sims?' 'Do I know Big Pete Sims?' says I, 'well I shorely knows Big Pete Sims. Me an' Pete takes our nose paint in yoonilcon frequent, an' you can bet all your raiment Pete's mighty good wood, too.' Then we don't say nothin' for maybe a mile like.

"After a while she makes another swoop," continued Old Monte. "'If Big Pete Sims is good wood, he's shore turned good wood since I seen him,' she says. 'But good wood or not, he's my lawful, wedded husband an' I've come trackin' in all the way from Tennessee for the worthless felon, an' it'll be mighty funny if I don't get him. An' yere," continued Old Monte, "she shore look's like she regards Pete as her prey.

"Well," said Old Monte, "I don't say no more; but sets thar feelin' mighty pensive for Pete on account of this yere female Crazy Horse a-hoppin' in an' claimin' of him, when a idea ketches me. I'm some guileful, that away, an' I makes up my mind to set a stack in for Pete if I lose. So I tackles the old Silver Tip agin.

"'Wo aern,' I says mighty stern, 'however do we all know this yere is straight? We jest gets your word. Maybe Pete's bein' abducted, in which event Cinnabar don't give him up; none whatever.

"'Nuthin' but my word, eh!' she says. 'Now look yere, you miser'ble, red-faced old drunkard, don't you go tryin' to bluff the law none. I've got my deed to Pete—my marriage deed—an' yere it is all reg'lar. An' then she pulls the deed ou'en her bosom," continued Old Monte, ruefully, "an slaps it under my nose, an', of course, I s'ings my hand in the discard an' quits her. She's shore too many for me; on' to tell the straight of it, I ain't none certain she don't take it into her head to rope me up along of Pete an' make a team of us. I figures she's been a-eatin' of *loco* or something an' is clean crazy."

. . . . . .

If ever one sentiment predominated all others in the Cinnabar breast, it was the determination to protect her citizens from any outside force. The local vigilance committee, under the resolute leadership of Armstrong, were liable to convoke at any time, and, gaining a rope from the nearest saddle and inspiration from the nearest misdeed of the patient hang a valued son or so to the windmill or some other structure eligible for the purpose. But there never was sheriff so puissant, no outside officer of the law, no alien *posse comitatus*, who could ride in and make captive Cinnabar's meanest citizen. Business would suspend first, men would cease their daily walk and a hundred gallant hearts would belt on their six-shooters and fight 'round the liberty of Cinnabar to the death. But here came danger in unusual form. An arrogant, confident woman, with the nose of a hawk, a hard face and bitter eye; a wrinkled, gnarled and threatening-looking female of portentous, awful sort, had invaded Cinnabar and laid claim to a leading citizen. To be sure, she had not been there long—a few hours indeed—and her victim, Big Pete Sims, by a craven concealment of his wretched person—a concealment, however, earnestly advised by some of the most dauntless minds of Cinnabar, and in no wise to be regarded as impugning Mr. Sims' gameness—had so far escaped, but even the most buoyant and optimistic admitted this condition could not last forever. The future held a day when Mr. Sims would be taken, that was sure.

"A card may turn winner twenty times, but it shorely loses at last," said Rosewood Jim, and the experienced sentiment of Cinnabar justified the aphorism.

"Wherever is this yere Big Pete hid up at?" inquired Bill Tutt, who with the rest felt the tenderest interest in that unfortunate.

"Hesh!" said Armstrong in a fierce whisper, "Don't go for to yellin' like a Ute. This yere frightful woman is over in the O. K. hotel now, an' thar's no tellin' how far them y'ears of hers can reach."

"Well, wherever is Pete?" said Tutt in a lower tone.

"He's over layin' mighty low in the back room of the New York store," said Jack Moore. "He's all right for a while. Pendin' which we all must plan a whole lot toward savin' of him."

"It's mighty baffin', though," said Armstrong in gloomy perplexity. "It looks like she's shorely got Pete cinched."

"Let's go injunin' over all on the dead quiet," said Texas Thomson, "an' hold a powwow and a heap big think with Pete. Maybe we all see some trail out."

"An' s'pose while we do, Armstrong," said Rosewood Jim, "you lope over to the O. K. hotel an' see how close you can come to prevailin' on this yere person by lies an' argument, to abandon her fiendish plots again' pore Pete."

"Of course I goes," said Armstrong, with the air of a calmly desperate man. "I'm the last man to lay down on any public dooty as gets sawed onto me all reg'lar. But I warns you agin havin' any hopes tharof; 'cause it won't begin to win."

. . . . . .

There was that in the air of Cinnabar which inspired a spirit of high resolve in her people. There was nothing which could co'me to one of them, in the form of public claim, which would not be fully met, though a life were the certain forfeit. So, Armstrong, despairing but determined, at once moved on to the O. K. hotel, which had been assumed as headquarters by the enemy. Nor Horatius nor Curtius could have done more.

The rest made a wide circuit in the most surreptitious fashion, and at last found the unfortunate Mr. Sims in his retirement. He was securing himself against fate by drinking whisky and eating crackers and cheese, which simple and direct regalement he took with such a sad, pathetic air that the sight moved Texas Thomson, who was of a mercurial and sympathetic sort, almost to tears.

"She ain't got me tracked down yet, boys, has she?" asked Mr. Sims, drearily.

On receiving assurances of present safety and in deference to a question from Rosewood Jim, Mr. Sims told a brief story.

"This yere lady gits her brand onto me," he said in a tone of deep sadness, "back maybe seven years ago, som'ers in Tennessee. I wasn't full of *fum fum*, them days, an' would follow off a wagon track, or anything. She crosses my trail at some church play as was bein' made, if I remembers rightly—makin' the short-horn who was a-preachin' thar a rag carpet, I reckon it was—an' boys, she lays for me. Well, she keeps pesterin' an' pervadin 'round until, one day, she gets me excited, an' I sorter lose track of my hand, and goes and marries her."

Here Mr. Sims took a mighty draught as if to drown the memory of his fall.

"Boys," continued Mr. Sims, wiping his rueful lips, "I ain't been clean strain game enough to see this lady since she comes this time, and knows nothin' of her personal appearance, but when I weds her she looks all smooth an' sweet enough. 'This is easy,' I says to my-se'f, flippant like at the time, 'this is shorely easy. There's women as will be a comfort an' a he'pmeet an' who I can boss. You'd a-said so, too, if you was thar, she looks that ca'm an' good.

"But, pards, you ought to lift one of her griddles once. She's a ragin', fiery furnace inside.

"If'st in another drink, Pete," said Texas Thomson, anxiously.

"Well, to cut her short," continued Mr. Sims after dolefully accepting the refreshment tendered by the sympathizing Texas, "things go on maybe a month, an' one mornin' she says, 'See yere, you binged sot, go get me some light wood.'

"'Womern,' I says, 'do you all know who you're addressin'? Do you know you're talkin' to the boss—the head of this yere family?'

"'Boss nuthin', she says all contemptuous. 'You ain't boss of nothin'. You never was boss round yere. You jest has fits to say.' An then—you see, pards, bein' jest wedded that away, the furniture was all loose and little like—she goes a clin' up things an' a-heavin' of em' at me. Well, I never could stand it to be chunked up none, so I quits her right thar an' yere I be."

"Yere you be for a fact," said Jack Moore, who had listened with great interest and now spoke in a tone of friendly zeal. "Yere you be, Pete, an' yere, too, is she likewise. Now the question is, whatever do we play next?"

"Don't go back on me, pards," said Mr. Sims almost in tears. "It looks like I never could stand it to be took back to Tennessee by this yere lady, an' I places myse'f under your protection. I'm game enough usual. You know, Texas, how I shoots up Tucson an' splits even with the marshal when he comes a tamerin' 'round; but, people, I has to lay down to this yere lady."

"I tell you what you do, Pete," said Bill Tutt. "Paint yourse'f up for war an' take your guns an' go for her all spraddled out, a whoopin' an' a shootin', an maybe you scares her away."

"It wouldn't work none, Bill," said the hopeless Mr. Sims. "You all m ght do it, but I couldn't. It's no good. This yere lady knows me."

. . . . . .

"Well, whatever does she say?" asked Rosewood Jim of Armstrong as that good man came in.

"It ain't no sorter use," said Armstrong, gravely. "She allows she will have him, an' she's shore got the dockyments. I say to her—aimin' to lie her out of it—'Mar'm, I says, 'you're lookin' for Big Pete Sims?'

"'Well,' says she, mighty fierce, 'whatever of that?'

"'Oh, nuthin' of that,' I says, 'only Pete he's dead a whole lot. He was prowlin' up a canyon a few days before you trails in yere, an' he meets a varmint an' gets all chewed up.'

"'Don't you go for to foolin' with me,' she says. 'Thar ain't no varmint 'round yere could chew up Pete.

"'Well, mar'm,' I says, sorter pacifyin' like, 'Pete warn't chewed. This is how it was. He gets impulsive an' grabs the pot in a game of dror the other evenin'—he a-holdin' of aces up or some sech trifling hand—an' a man who owns a club flush, queen at the head, gets that proud about it he shoots Pete in the fore'erd, and tharupon Pete ups an' dies mighty prompt in full hopes, as, he imparts to me in confidence at the time, of a glorious resurrection. That's the straight an' oncurrup'ted troth, mar'm.'

"'You can't come no game on me, stranger,' she says. 'Thar ain't no two-legged man round yere can shoot ho'es into the fore'erd of my Pete.'

"So, then," continued Armstrong, "I throws myse'f upon her mercy an' tells her how happy Pete is before she comes. How he lives yere all gay an' on'rammeled as a buck prairie dog, an' no one for to mole-t him or make him afraid. But it ain't no use. She says she'd shore have him, an' final she gets plumb frenzied; an' when I leaves her she's gnawin' away on the edge of a white ash table like a beaver, a-takin of the wire s ige offen her emotions."

"Never you mind, Pete," said Texas Thomson in a burst of encouragement as he pressed his friend's hand. "We takes you ou'en this yere trap or tears the town down."

"Whatever for a scheme would it be to buy Pete off?" said Bill Tutt. "Couldn't we fix this yere womern now with money?"

The idea was good. Rosewood Jim, as one persuasive of speech and fertile of brain, was selected to try. The rest awaited his return.

"Mar'm," said Rosewood Jim, "I'm a sportin' man myse'f an' used to buyin' chances. You makes some claim agin a pard an' fellow-townsman named Big Pete Sims. This yere gives you a chance, as it were, on Pete—not a good chance—but still a chance. Now I strolls up all plain an' business-like to buy your chance on Pete. What is your figure, may I ask?"

"What is Pete?" asked the lady with some venom. "An' why don't he come yere like a man to me, hisself?"

"Pete's hid," said Rosewood, calmly. "He don't come 'cause those who heels and gaffs him at this yere crisis forbids the play. He's hid. He's got a quarter hart" Willow Rum an' chuck for six months an' is armed to the teeth. He's drinkin' hard all the time an' gives it out cold he'll die and end his own life before he'll be took alive. Will you take five hundred dollars for your chance in Pete, mar'm?"

"No, I won't," responded the lady. "Do you really reckon now he would kill hisself?"

"I'm plumb shore he would," asserted Rosewood. "I would myse'f surrounded all similar. It's the advice of his best friends, an' the idee sorter jibes in a general way with his own notion; so, mar'm, I think he will. Then agin, he's done been drinkin' to that limit, he's got a mighty vivid mind that away too, and already is beginnin' to people the small apartment he inhabits with snakes an' rats an', coyotes an' monkeys an' trant'lers an' stinglin' lizards, an' sech other members of the animile kingdom as happens to hit his deceased taste. Onless Pete alters his play some abrupt, he's a gone fawn skin. Will you say one thousand dollars for your interest in Peter, mar'm?"

"Yes, I will," said the lady after a thoughtful pause. "I'll take a thousand and quit. I never wanted the miser'ble wretch, nohow."

. . . . . .

The ransom was quickly and blithely raised. The next day the lady in the case departed on the stage.

Pete was not there for fear of a relapse, but the rest turned out to see her off.

"Don't make this yere mistake agin," said Armstrong to Old Monte, as the latter picked up his six reins. You'll contract a mighty sore throat, shore, if you do."

"*Adios*," said Rosewood Jim, waving a polite sombrero after the departing stage. "Thar she goes an' four stacks of yellow chips ahead of the deal, an' the same all safe an' sound in her war bags. I never knows a woman yet you couldn't squar' with money an' thar ain't none such."—*Kansas City Star.*

### Between Sobs.

Mrs. McPhinn—I.'s come t' console yez Oi am. Widow Barrigan—Oi nade it phin Oi gets t'inkin'.

Mrs. McPhinn—Phat wor yez t'inkin', dar r-lin'?

Widow Barrigan—Oi wor t'inkin' av Tim 'd been alive lasht noight he'd been th' liveliest wan at th' wake.

### One Road to Wealth.

Publishers would make a good thing of it if they would print novels for young ladies with the last chapter following immediately upon the preface.

### Foreign Limitations.

Miss Murray Hill—What were you most impressed with during your travels abroad?

Miss Beacon Street—With the fact that so few of the people I met had ever been in Boston.

### Didn't Miss Him.

Mrs. Jocelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away?

Mrs. Golightly—Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time forget that he really isn't there.

### Handcuffed.

—*Siftings.*

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

### A Slight Misunderstanding.

### If so, Why

Mr. Oldboy—Do you believe matches are made in heaven?

Mr. Newlymarried—I do, indeed.

Mr. Oldboy—Then how the deuce can they ship them all the way to St. Louis and sell them five boxes for a dime?

**Excursion to Washington, D C, on Nov. 23 via Erie & Lehigh Valley Railways.**

Save ten silver dollars and have the finest holiday trip of the season. Just imagine, only costing ten dollars for the round trip from Suspension Bridge to Washington, and don't miss visiting the grand old cities in close proximity to Washington, tickets good to return up to December 3, inclusive. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Train will leave at 4.40 p. m. Further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

### Not a New Role.

Manager—Yes, I advertised for a good supporting lady. Have you supported any one prior to this season?

Mrs. Wickwire—Oh, yes, indeed; I've had three husbands, and I've had to support every one of them.

THE MOST SEVERE ATTACK OF

**RHEUMATISM**

Instantly relieved and permanently cured by

**NINE O'CLOCK OIL**

Prepared by DR. D. P. WILKINS, Toronto, Ont.
25 cents per bottle. All Druggists.

"What a boon it would be to the Medical Profession if some reliable Chemist would bring out an Extract of Malt in Combination with a well-digested or Peptonized Beef, giving us the elements of Beef, and the Stimulating and Nutritious portions of Ale."
—So wrote the late eminent DR. J. MILNER FOTHERGILL.

**ALE AND BEEF**

PEPTONIZED

**Is the Identical Combination as suggested above**

Each bottle contains the product of one-quarter of a pound of Lean Beef, thoroughly digested.

It is the only mild stimulant with a perfect food that is known to-day. The Beef supplies the elements of flesh and blood; the Ale is vigorating and tonic, and the Pepsin is an invaluable aid in the process of digestion.

PUT UP IN PINT BOTTLES
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE
For sale by all Druggists.

**WHY DO YOU WEAR CORSETS**

Which Make you look as though you had Been Cut out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife

**FEATHERBONE**

CORSETS give to the Figure that Symmetrical Beauty which is a Lady's Greatest Charm

What is this "Melissa" we hear so much about?

Will it do what is claimed for it?

MELISSA proofed coats or other garments are just what the Inventor and Manufacturers claim them to be, neither more nor less. They are both rain proof, porous and odorless, therefore perfectly healthful and comfortable. They are common sense garments, and should be treated in a common sense manner. Although rainproof, they are not waterproof in the sense that a water cushion or bottle made of rubber is waterproof. Being porous, water can be forced through them, either by heavy pressure or by squeezing with the fingers. If they were absolutely waterproof they would be absolutely air-tight, and therefore no better than rubber. *Herein lies the peculiar value of the invention.* Sensible people do not buy rainproof garments for the purpose of forcing water through them or of carrying water in them, neither do they take shelter under a water spout, nor sit in a pool for pleasure. They buy rainproof garments to wear for the purpose of protecting themselves from the weather, and a Melissa coat or mantle will effectually protect the wearer for many hours in a heavy rain or snow storm. Melissa has a peculiar water repellent property which prevents water from falling in the form of rain or snow on a garment from penetrating the cloth, and the true way to test the utility of Melissa garment is, not by pouring a stream of water on it from a watering can, but by wearing it in a heavy rainstorm. The result will be found eminently satisfactory. Continued exposure to the weather will not impair in the slightest degree the rain proof quality of Melissa. It is fixed and permanent. These garments, thoroughly well made from fine materials, are now on the counters of first-class dealers throughout the whole country.

**AN EASY WINNER**

After a trial, nothing wins a woman's confidence so easily as "Sunlight" Soap. Her own good judgment tells her that it is a different soap and a better one than any she ever tried before, and that its cleansing yet mild properties are far superior to any thing she ever used before. "Sunlight" Soap will never disappoint anyone who gives it a fair trial, and the beauty of it is, that it can be used for every purpose for which soap is used.

**GAS ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES**

BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

**Can You Believe It?**

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

**A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE**

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

**Antiseptics, Surgical Dressings**

Sanitary Towels, Rubber Bandages, Abdominal Belts and Fresh Vaccine
Always in stock at
**FLETT'S DRUG STORE**
482 Queen Street West
Telephone 664.

# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMOND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

| | |
|---|---|
| One Year | $2 00 |
| Six Months | 1 00 |
| Three Months | 50 |

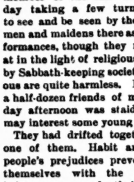
Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, OCT. 31, 1891. [No. 49


## On Sunday Afternoons.



SUNDAY is a day on which most of us are in a more or less "dressed" condition. Our good clothes seem to aid in establishing the decorum of the day, for to avoid musing them or our religious aspirations we refrain from whistling secular tunes, and otherwise restrain the ebullition of our spirits. This voluntary semblance of a mortification of the flesh sometimes is a weariness to persons in the blade of youth, and some allay their feelings by walking out to see the Reservoir or going round to gratify the vanity of some member of the fair sex, or if it is a fair day taking a few turns on Jarvis street to see and be seen by the many conditions of men and maidens there assembled. These performances, though they may hardly be looked at in the light of religious rites, are recognized by Sabbath-keeping society, and though frivolous are quite harmless. But the way in which a half-dozen friends of mine passed last Sunday afternoon was staid and profitable, and may interest some young men.

They had drifted together in the "den" of one of them. Habit and consideration for people's prejudices prevented their enjoying themselves with the healthy, redundant boisterousness of their kind, and time was beginning to hang heavily on their hands and conversation to flag. The owner of the "den" is of pleasant, literary tastes and this haunt of his is well stocked with poetry. At last one of the group suggested that each one in turn read some poem aloud, a proposal the excellence of which was at once appreciated. Locksley Hall was read, that sweet sobbing cry of a man's bruised heart, and after it was over the good points and weaknesses of Cousin Amy's character were discussed. I do not know whether or not the listeners took the implied lesson to heart, to wit: "Except in isolated cases don't take a girl seriously!" but the air was cleared with one of the boy's reading of Aytoun's ballad, Edinburgh after Flodden. After this The May Queen followed with others, and those who took part in this co-operative intellectual entertainment assure me that they never spent a pleasanter afternoon.

This may furnish an idea for those whose Sunday afternoons seem to pass in an unsatisfactory way. What is the use of exiling oneself in one's room and reading a novel in a lonely way between dozes? The days, too, for walks in the country are almost over, and the winds of November are beginning to sweep the dusty streets in a manner most unpleasant for the wayfarer. Why not, then, stay indoors after this fashion and breathe with one's friends the rare atmosphere and delicious breezes of Mount Parnassus.

TOUCHSTONE.

## The Drama.

A. C. GUNTER.

THE double pay scheme which Archibald Clavering Gunter worked with Mr. Barnes of New York, though it may be from a financial standpoint all very well, invariably results to the detriment of a play. To make a novel such as Mr. Barnes of New York popular, many more scenes are required than are necessary for placing the same plot on the stage; but when the public goes to see a dramatization of a popular novel it expects to see nearly all the scenes and situations which it has enjoyed, no matter how unnecessary they may be from a dramatic standpoint. The result generally is that rules of construction are ignored and the play degenerates into a series of disjointed tableaux, the sense of which is left to the audience's previous knowledge. In the present instance a nondescript combination of good melodrama and cheap farce is the result. The Corsican episode, enough in itself to make a decent play, is well developed, but the rest of the presentation is made up of aimless rot. One act is devoted to the "starving out" episode, which has little or no connection with the plot, and though most amusing for a novelist's purposes, is totally unadapted for stage representation. After this, however, Enid and Barnes, as far as any connection between themselves is concerned, but stand round and say that they are engaged.

*

Still with a decent company Mr. Barnes of New York, decrepit though it is, would be acceptable. But the company presenting it, with the exception of three or four members, is a very dejected collection of barn-stormers. Miss May Wheeler, who plays the strong *role* of Marina Paoli, is a very fine actress, and suffering as she did from a very severe cold, it would have bespoken good ability had she given but an ordinary characterization of the *role*. But Miss Wheeler, though laboring under much difficulty in enunciation, gave universal pleasure, and many hope to see her again under better conditions and in more suitable company. Her voice is not unlike Rhea's and she is of very pleasing appearance. Her acting showed great strength and reserve power and was characterized by much dignity and almost too great fear of exaggeration. Mr. Charles Lamb who played the Corsican servant, Tomassi, was fair, and Mr. Sheridan Block, as Count Musso Danella, though too weak for the part, shows a refinement in refreshing contrast to the grinning though horse-collar method of his associates. Mr. P. L. Fontaine, as the anonymous English second in the duel, showed much cynical humor and the nameless traveling John Bull was also very funny, but here commendation ends. The dozen or so of other actors are, when not wholly mediocre, entirely vulgar. The alleged Anglo Saxon male beauty, Edwin Girard Anstruther, looks like McAuliffe, the pug, and Mr. Barnes of New York might be his backer. The dignified English girl, Enid Anstruther, had about as much dignity as a moulting pullet, and the young lady who played the part is evidently a graduate of the soda water fountain. Her blondine attractions, however, might catch such a dead game of sport as Barnes of New York. The innocent child of thirty-five or forty who played fourteen-year-old Maud, delivered such passages as the following in a manner that commanded the attention of the entire audience: Ma-ah-ah-yah-yah-yah-e-e-e-ker-wow. She had much difficulty in keeping her heels out of the atmosphere and one wished that she might have been allowed to allay her feelings with her limbs instead of with her voice. The balance of the company has attracted no attention whatever.

*

One likes to see a minstrel show occasionally, even if the modern variety has but slight resemblance to the old Christy Minstrels. Now that librettists are placing their characters in sunny and savage climes, the corked and ornamented gentlemen, who sing as the curtain goes up, seem like the chorus of a comic opera. The gags are still the same, however, or rather they are redressed in modern costume, like the men who fire them off. There is no rose without a thorn, regrettably, and one who enjoys the gags retailed on the stage must suffer later while his humorous friend with the rubicund nose fitfully delivers the same jokes next morning. Gorman' minstrels at the Academy last week gave some good gags and clever parodies. There was some very fair singing, but somehow or other a performance falls flat for a modern audience unless there is something of the female element in it. A new song—The Picture that is Turned to the Wall—which seems destined to take a position with Annie Rooney, Comrades and other "songs of the people," was sung. There is somewhat more sombreness about it, but it has already achieved much popularity. Its words will be interesting:

Far away beyond the glamor of the city and its strife
There's a quiet little homestead by the sea,
Where a tender, loving lassie used to live a happy life,
Contented in her home as she could be;
Not a shadow ever seemed to cloud the sunshine of her youth,
And they thought no sorrow could her life befall,
But she left them all one evening and their sad hearts knew the truth,
When her father turned her picture to the wall.

CHORUS.

There's a name that's never spoken and a mother's heart half-broken.
There is just another missing from the old home, that is all;
There is still a mem'ry living, there's a father unforgiving,
And a picture that is turned toward the wall.

They have laid away each token of the one who ne'er returns,
Every trinket, every ribbon that she wore,
Though it seems so long ago now, yet the lamp of hope still burns,
And her mother prays to see her child once more;
Though no tidings ever reached them what her life or lot may be,
Tho' they sometimes think she's gone beyond recall,
There's a tender recollection of a face they never see,
In the picture that is turned toward the wall.

A great many odd people go to the theater. Most of them retain their theatrical oddness for the edification of their friends, but once in a while they let it become apparent while they are still in the theater. Shakespearean performances bring them out. At a matinee performance of Hamlet I saw a young lady with her well thumbed Shakespeare follow every word, and save once I do not think she looked at the stage at all. Sometimes a score or so of lines would be cut and she would have to scurry about in the fine print to find her place. Sometimes just at one of the most interesting scenes she would turn over two pages at the same time and then the interest would be spoiled by her anxiety to keep in step, as it were, with the actor. Indeed, it is quite possible that she would have been pleased if Hamlet had delayed his death a moment or so that she might not be left behind. I think she was literally in at the death of them all.

*

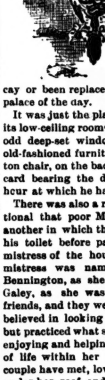
This young lady was probably not stage-struck, only Shakespeare-struck. When a young lady is really and intelligently stage-struck she does not let people know it by any outward signs. When a girl informs you and everybody else remarks that she would "just love to be an actress," depend upon it she would go home to mother the first week. A girl with honest histrionic aspirations will when questioned talk earnestly about the subject and usually is a good critic and has some ability. It is a good deal the same with the stage-struck young man. The talkiest ones are the poorest actors. How many dressy young fellows do I know who think that the genius of a tragedian is latent in them. The budding tragedian is usually a mild enough young man who would not harm a kitten, yet he runs his fingers through his ambrosial locks and imagines himself strangling sweet Desdemona or as Macbeth addressing Banquo's ghost

Avaunt! and quit me sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy be-ones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.

Robert Mantell is a demi-god to these theatrical aspirants. They like his manner of filling the entire stage, and the privilege of rolling the eyes and speaking like distant thunder as he does, is the mountain of bliss they long for from afar off. Keene's ranting fits delight a stage-struck young man, and he delights to air his views about Richard's "withered awm." Altogether the stage struck young man is a nice fellow, and with all his vanities interesting and amusing. He applauds, too, in a way that warms the heart of an actor, he spends his money on good attractions.

TOUCHSTONE.

## A Halloween Party.



"Come spend wi' us a happy night,
An' crack a joke thegither,"

headed in letters of gold my invitation to a 31st of October, Halloween, or Witch Night party to be given at Galeside, one of the oldest Revolutionary houses in the country — one of the few that have not fallen into decay or been replaced by the new old-fashioned palace of the day.

It was just the place for such a party, with its low-ceiling rooms, wide stairway and hall, odd deep-set windows and doors, and quaint old-fashioned furniture, including a Washington chair, on the back of which was fastened a card bearing the date of the year, day and hour at which he had used it.

There was also a room in which it was traditional that poor Major Andre had slept, and another in which the great general had made his toilet before paying his respects to the mistress of the house, for whom the present mistress was named — Mary Gale, married Bennington, as she would tell you, or Aunt Galey, as she was familiarly called by her friends, and they were many. For she not only believed in looking at the bright side of life, but practiced what she preached, by thoroughly enjoying and helping others to all the blessings of life within her reach; and many a happy couple have met, loved, and told each other so under her roof, and to be known as a *protege* of Mrs. Gale-Bennington's, or chronicled as a guest at Galeside, always meant success in some pleasant way to the fortunate one.

And now the dear old lady was going to give a Halloween party, and I lazily wondered whose life she was trying to arrange this time, for she was a famous match-maker (little dreaming that it was my own). At any rate I was sure of a merry time; for Aunt Galey spared neither time, trouble, nor money in making all her entertainments perfect, and I looked forward with real pleasure to going, especially as she had asked that I would come to her early in October, as she wanted me to assist in the arrangements. But before coming I must make myself thoroughly acquainted with all the old customs, superstitions and traditions connected with the day; and perhaps, as I lived in Boston—she in New Jersey—I could find some artist who would carry out more elaborately the designs on the card she had sent me for the rest of the invitations.

So the next day found me, with paper, pencil, and a good deal of determination, hard at work in the Athenæum, surrounded by books that "might assist me," as the pleasant-faced little librarian remarked as she adjusted the light to the proper dimness, and pointed out indexes and reference books that never failed those in search of information. Nor did they fail me.

But before going further I must, for my readers' sake, describe the cards designed and hand-painted by a far away cousin. They were of heavy cream white card-board, six inches long and five wide; all the initial letters were formed of broomsticks or twigs, or bunches of flowers, such as the thistle-heather, and branches of witch-hazel, the flower sacred to the day.

The lettering was strangely quaint, but perfectly readable; here and there a little witch or sprite peeped out from behind a letter or flower. On some a new moon, on others the date, was formed of an apple paring, and on all appeared the invitation to

"Come spend wi' us a happy night,
An' crack a joke thegither."

Halloween to a Scotch lassie means a great deal; but how it originated, or what connection it had with pagan rites or Druidical ceremonies, does not in the least worry her pretty head so much as the hope of finding a ring in her plate of Halloween pudding or cake. Nor will it cure half so much as arriving at Aunt Galey's early in October, with all possible information, and being told that we were none too soon.

Now the sure success of such a party is to make it as mysterious as possible, and although none of us may be superstitious, still, like Aunt Galey, most of us "like to have the signs on the right side;" and so it made Aunt Galey very happy to have acceptances to all her invitations come in a joyous little stream, one after another, and she took it, as we all did, as a good sign.

We arranged the entertainment into four principal parts, with plenty of side points. First, cutting the Halloween cake; hunting Halloween apples; burning Halloween nuts; and visiting the darkened chamber. The night's fun was to begin with cutting the cake—a very ceremonious performance.

The cake, which was not too large, was a ribbon cake, with rich nut frosting. In it, carefully placed at proper intervals, was a ring, a thimble, a penny, a key, and a button, having been arranged there before the cake was put in the oven to bake.

The ring was of gold, with a Scotch pebble set down deep in the surface; the thimble was chased gold; the key was also gold, intended as a watch charm or bangle; the button, a gold collar button with pebble setting; and the penny was a gold dollar.

The following old rhyme will tell you what they stood for:

"The ring for marriage within a year;
The penny for wealth, my dear;
The thimble for old maid or bachelor born;
The button for sweethearts all forlorn;
The key for a journey to make all right;
And this you will see next Halloween night."

The cake, on its silver dish, was placed upon a dainty square of yellow silk, decorated with fresh witch-hazel blossoms gathered from the woods near by.

As this shrub or plant is sacred to the 31st of October, we collected as much as possible, and used it abundantly in decorating the rooms and tables.

Just as the clock struck nine, Aunt Galey began to cut the cake. Perfect silence must be maintained during the cutting of the first slice, while all the company are gathered about the table. The first word spoken after the slice is cut is considered prophetic, and Dame or Mother Halloween, as the cake-cutter is called, is expected to make it so, if it is possible, so, girls, be careful what you say. I happened to be the "witch" on this occasion, having entirely forgotten the rule, and noticing that Aunt Galey had cut the cake in one too many slices for the company, I thoughtlessly asked whom the odd slice was for. In a moment I realized what I had done, for Aunt Galey looked up smilingly, and said, "For the coming one." And then, in trying to hide my flushed face, I let my plate of cake fall, and so the circle was broken, for all began to talk and search for the ring, and I had it.

As a consolation for those who get none of the cake charms, a bit of the cake should be reserved to dream upon for three nights in succession at the next full of the moon—so say the books.

We did not attempt "dookin'" for apples, or snapdragon, or pulling kale stalks, but we had a glorious apple-hunt, which began at ten o'clock. Early in the afternoon Aunt Galey and one of the maids had concealed in all sorts of out-of-the-way places just as many apples as there were guests. When they were all found, we gathered in the hall, where a wood fire was burning in a huge open fireplace, and there we tried our skill and luck in paring the apples and throwing the unbroken skins over the left shoulder, being very careful to save every seed for future divination.

"One, I love;
Two, I love;
Three, I love, I say;
Four, I love with all my heart; and
Five, I cast away;
Six, he (or she) loves;
Seven, she (or he) loves;
Eight, both love;
Nine, he (or she) comes;
Ten, he (or she) tarries;
Eleven, he courts; and
Twelve, he marries."

When the last apple had told all it could, the nut-burning or fortune-telling began. This was done by placing two nuts side by side on the glowing coals—they should be named, of course—and if they burn together, all will go well; if they snap apart, or do not burn at all, then the friendship is in danger. To discover if you will marry money, or be rich, or poor, or have no luck at all—which, at any rate, is better than bad luck—place three saucers on a table; into one put clear water, into the other put soapy water, and nothing in the third. Now blindfold the girl who wishes to try her luck, and lead her up to where the saucers are. If she touches the clear water she will be rich; if the soapy, she will lose money; if the empty one, she will not be a bride for a year to come. As midnight drew near, each of us was quietly told by Dame Halloween that we might go into the hall, find a candle, light it, and proceed to the guest chamber—the very one in which General George Washington made his toilet. There on the dresser we would find a package addressed to each one. We were to bring the one belonging to us away, and say nothing about what we saw in the room. Imagine our surprise on opening the door to find, instead of a darkened, ghost-haunted room, one brilliantly lighted and a splendid supper table spread. There on the old dresser were the packages arranged in a little heap before the looking-glass. It was almost as "scary," one of the girls said, being in that brightly lighted room alone, as it would have been in a darkened room; and no one will ever know how few of us dared to look in the mirror. The packages were opened in the drawing-room before going to supper, and contained favors, each one representing something pertaining to the day—tiny brooms just four inches long and perfect in every respect, confectioners' nuts, wax apples, and bunches of white heather brought from the highlands of dear old Scotland. Each favor was tied with orange-colored ribbon.

After supper we all stood up, joined hands, and sang. Then one by one we quietly slipped away, thereby carrying out to the end of the evening the Halloween mystery.

What came of it? Three engagements. Clara Lorton, a bewitching beauty, met her fate on the way from the haunted chamber in Charles Long, which proved that one Halloween ghost had been seen; Mabel Wright, who afterwards confessed that she had said "Yes" as the nuts she and George had put upon the coals burned brightly together; and my own engagement to Jack, dear Jack, whom I had sent away three months before, after one of those absurd disagreements that lovers always have. We had both suffered, and that night, as I lit my candle to go in search of my favor, I wished with all my heart for Jack, without a suspicion that he was waiting for me at the end of the long hall which led into the haunted chamber.

It was Aunt Galey's doing. She had heard of our disagreement, and as Jack was a great favorite with her, and the only son of an old school friend, she determined that he should be her nephew, and he had it, for when he said "Linda, dear Linda," I did not hesitate in my answer.

And now there will be three weddings at Galeside next Christmas. Mabel and George will be married in the morning, and begin their journey in life with the sound of happy marriage bells to remember; Clara and Charles in the evening, with all that an eight o'clock wedding implies; and at high noon on the 25th I shall promise to love and obey the very best man in all the world—so I think.

"Was your party a success, Aunt Galey?" I asked as I bid her good-by.

"Well, my dear, the s'gns are all on the right side," she answered.—*Bazar.*

### Fuel on Hand.

"Suppose coal were to give out, what should we use in its place?" asked Hicks.

"Poems," returned his editorial friend.

### One of the Boys.

*For Saturday Night.*

I am one of the boys and I've felt the joys
Of having a time and spending a dime
While jogging around with the boys.

I'm a little bit old but my heart isn't cold,
I've not been called in, though my hair's getting thin
While travling as one of the boys.

My liver is grown fat, still I stand pat,
And don't ever think I'll refuse my drink
Whenever I meet the old boys.

I know the good places, I don't lose my basis,
I don't mix my booze, I know all the news,
For I am one of the boys.

The girls look shy, as I pass by,
They whisper and say, in the same old way,
"There goes one of the boys."

Bob's lost his head and Billy is dead,
Smith's out on bail and Jimmy's in jail;
They used to belong to the boys.

Then join in the song, for it won't be long,
As I go up that way the Lord will say,
"Ah, here comes one of the boys."

S.

### "Auf Widersehen."

*For Saturday Night.*

"Auf widersehen," he gaily cried,
And raised cap and rode away
Into the thickest of the fray,
"Auf widersehen what s'er betide."
"Auf widersehen," she gently sighed,
"And I'll be true tho' come what may,
Be it forever and a day
Auf widersehen," she low replied.

"Auf widersehen," he feebly tried
To whisper, as he wounded lay
Upon the field at close of day,
"Until we meet," and then he died.
"Until we meet," through tears she sighed,
But hearts, like flow'rs turn to the day.
Other brave troopers rode that way
And she became a happy bride.

FLORENCE NEWHOUSE.

### Lulu's Photograph.

*For Saturday Night.*

Thy starry eyes light up the tinted card,
Thy blushing cheek invites the fond caress;
Were soft speech stilled and tender hands withheld,
Our lingering presence would our love confess.

Soft as the light that gleams at sunset hour,
Thy crown of gold its radiant glory keeps,
Near the soft mouth where sweetness hides in vain,
The roguish dimple lies, and softly sleeps.

Close to my breast this pictured face shall lie,
And fond remembrance off shall cheer my heart,
A happy voice may God reserve for thee,
And to thy smiling life His grace impart.

B. KELLY.

### St. Cecilia, M. D.

The theory has been advanced that sweet and gentle music may have useful and beneficial effect during convalescence.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young,"
She diffidently held her tongue
*De rebus scientific;*
Content her airs alone should please,
Should make the rigid breast unfreeze,
The savage soul pacific.

But Music, now a matron old,
Has waxed proportionately bold,
And enters a chosen college,
To cure the body's neediness,
And emulate the B. C. S.,
In therapeutic knowledge.

Sweet visions fill the gentle mind,
Gifted with milk of human kindness, and imagination
Of operations on the sick,
Achieved with quaint orchestral trick,
And vocal variation.

What dulcet drugs would be distilled
For those who practice what the guild
So eloquently preaches—
Gavottes to help the man who hates,
And *minies* to take the place of "salts,"
And lullabys of leeches.

A rythmic *recipe* might read—
"Take first of Brahms's one *liebeslied*,
A *scena* by Beethoven,
'My Pretty Jane,' 'Should he upbraid,'
A verse of Gounod's Serenade,
With *obligato* woven.

"Add—if the symptoms urgent be—
Some portions of a Mass in B,
An *aria* from 'Norma';
Perform this programme to the end,
Until the pulse begins to mend,
Th' extremities get warmer."

Specifics doubtless will be found,
*Afflches* far as "world renowned,"
Sponsored by some Tone-master,
Thus Glock might cut out *sons de* Dill
And Mendelssohn replace a pill,
And Meyerbeer a plaster.

The "Lyric Lancet" shall relate
How, as a monster Wagner *fete*
(Tee brass *sangre crescendo*),
One hundred limbs were cleft in twain,
And yet was heard no sound of pain
(*Albeit* all innuendo!)

But lest not some poor *netrose* trust
His too impressionable dust
To treatment so *a-theatic*;
Or St. Cecilia, on the sly,
Might raise her patient to the sky
In manner energetic.

COTSFORD DICK.

### At Husking Time.

At husking time the tassel fades
To brown above the yellow blades,
Whose rustling sheath enwraithes the corn
That bursts its chrysalis in scorn
Longer to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids
The creaking ox-cart slowly wends
Twixt stalks and stubble, sacked, and torn
At husking time.

The prying pigs grow persuaded
The flock to join in thieving raids;
The sly racoon with craft inborn
His partion steals—from plunder's horn
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades
At husking time.

*E. Pauline Johnson in Independent.*

### A Mountain Road.

Stone-roughened till the hoof that climbs it treads
Its steep stretch cautiously, it plunges through
Where thick leaf-tangles mutely and subdue
The wild wood sounds, and sprouts join their heads
And shut out dimly all the cloudless blue.

It dips and winds adown the hills, between
Where buckwheat fields breathe fragrance to the air,
Fine-flowered, billowy and snow-white; where
Stone fences trail dark through the land's fresh green,
And farmsteads mark the slopes but here and there—

Good homes, where tins dry in the sun, and brave
The jealous-tended door-yard poises blow;
A saw-mill idle while the stream runs low;
And its red dust is stirred but little save
For ox-drawn load or hay-cart rumbling slow.

Only the locusts' sleepy whir, and bells
On hill-sides and in woods where cattle stray,
Hallowing all the sweet, long summer day;
A quietness wide and serene, that tells
The mellow, harassed world is far away.

EMMA A. OFFER.

## Between You and Me.

FADDIST in London, England, has a new scheme for improving the shape of the coinage of that country. He deplores the loss from wear and tear of the present shape and style, and proposes that the square, sexagonal and trefoil forms be substituted for the round one at present in universal use. For packing, square coins have the advantage of lying snugger and closer, and the uncomfortableness of sitting down on a sharp corner of the new money is guarded against by having the corners slightly rounded. The square fourpenny piece is to be further decorated with four perforations, the trefoil threepenny bit with three.

*

A pathetic paragraph on the Russian famine says that some of the poor starvelings subsisted for a time on grass and foliage, and the director of a food company in England calmly remarks that they might do very much worse. What greater straits he would have them reduced to this side of the grave it were difficult to imagine, but for his cold-blooded and unsympathetic remark a little tickling with a knout would be an appropriate rejoinder.

*

I was told a funny little story of a lady cyclist the other day. She was in that transition stage, when, though she could ride steadily, she could not mount her Safety unaided. One day, on a side street, she was vainly trying to do so. A young swell stared, smiled, and passed on; an expressman good-naturedly turned out of her path and with a recommendation to "keep at it, you'll get there by and by," rattled away; a naughty little boy recommended her to climb up from behind, and an old Irishwoman inveighed against her as a bold hussy. The lady was almost despairing, when a seedy-looking individual stepped politely up to her and requested to be directed as to how he could aid her. "Just hold the wheel steady and I'll thank you so much," she said fervently. He safely settled her in her saddle, and before giving the needed impetus to start the wheel remarked: "You haven't a nickel about you, Miss?" "I'm so sorry, but I left my purse at home." "Then down you come," cried the erstwhile gallant, roughly, giving the wheel a shake. "Please don't," said the cyclist, imploringly. "Stay, just come round after me to my home, and I'll give you a quarter." "All right!" and the seedy man started the wheel off. Needless to remark that in ten seconds the angry cyclist was round the corner and out of sight, and the outwitted "smartie" was bemoaning his easy capture in two rueful words: "Sold again!"

*

A correspondent has begged for a word against the silly trick of giggling which some girls fall into. It isn't a morsel of use writing words against giggling. Certain girls will do it. Haven't you seen them burst into a street car with a haste and heedlessness that gave everyone the impression that they had had some remarkable adventure or experience just a moment since, when really they had been elbowing, waddling, and striding unmolested along the pavement for the last two hours. They giggle as they crowd and crush in the doorway—as they flop sideways into their seats; each eyes the other, and they giggle again as they hunt out their car tickets, and they are consumed with mirth as the conductor holds to them his leather ticket box. All one can do is to be patient and tolerate them; they would only giggle again if you showed displeasure at what they call fun, and Time, which teaches all men, and women too, will finally get it into their rattle-pates that to giggle is almost a sin. My correspondent is not patient, and writes rather sharply on the matter, as no ed above, but there is not much use in giving strong language to such a weak subject. Girls are girls, and like those girls in the parable of old, five out of every ten are foolish.

*

"Don't Care went to the gallows" is a saying much in vogue among nurses who are trying to discipline their young charges and bring their responsibilities home to them. "Well, I don't care if he did!" was the loud reply of a smart little boy, as he backed away from his guardian angel in the Gardens one day lately. And I mentally applauded the urchin and it occurred to me that Don't Care deserved a better fate. Many an anxious face would clear by magic if only from its care-curved lips the sturdy words could be coaxed—"I don't care!" They are not always reckless or defiant, but oft times good. Does my neighbor's life run easier and her rest come softer than mine? Well, I don't care! Do I cherish ambitions and fancies and plans only to see them sink into nothingness? I don't care if I do! Are the days less radiant and the nights less lovely than they were some ten years back? Pooh! I don't care! What worry or discontent or regret or repining can come to the happy soul who can lightly and truthfully say "I don't care." To the gallows, indeed! Say rather to the niche, to the pedestal, to the best place we can afford shall be exalted all cheery "Don't Cares" like these.

*

"But you *promised* me!" said a little voice inconsolably, and eyes filled and little chest expansion increased some inches. Promises are kittle cattle with some folk! The tailor promises and the dressmaker, the debtor promises, the politician promises, the bride and bridegroom promise, godfathers and godmothers, those religious fakirs, promise and vow, and oh, the *debris* of fragments that remain! Now, a promise of the right sort, made in good faith and by a truthful soul, is a beautiful obligation. I don't like an unconditional promise: that is the kind most liable to fracture, generally made in haste and broken at leisure. "If I possibly can" spoken earnestly, is almost sure to come out right. Unfortunately our most solemn promises are unconditional. In our religious ceremonies possibility of failure isn't mentioned, and yet how high is the pile of fractured vows, say in the annals of the divorce court? And there are such curious laws about promises. A man asks a woman to marry him, and promises to claim her promise to do so at some future time; if he fails to come up to the contract she can take him into court, and in a large percentage of cases get damages and sympathy, but suppose he marries her at the time arranged, promising her, in solemn words and circumstances, all love, respect and sympathy, and then proceeds to make her miserable for life by selfishness, contempt, neglect, and all the indescribable martyrdoms of which a mean man knows the secrets, what redress has she? Absolutely none. And the promise, what is it? Absolutely less than nothing. Of course, the orthodox folk believe that of such promise-breakers the Powers of Darkness some day claim damages, but so far as the present is concerned, such a promise is simply the breath that speaks it.

*

A pretty young mother asked me the other day whether I thought it was a good plan to have children taught to dance. Apart from any religious restrictions, which for some would make this question impossible, I do think it is a very good discipline, a healthy exercise and a refining influence. In a certain dancing school, not a hundred miles from here, I have watched the little ones at their lessons, and have had the honor of an invitation to their small *matinee* sociables, and I have noticed how the forward girl and boy were repressed and the shy and awkward ones encouraged and set at ease. Apart from the grace of movement acquired, the cultivation of the ear and the discipline of regular and concerted motion, there is what seems to me very important, the instilling of ideas of chivalry and politeness among the little boys, and of graciousness and amiability among the small girls. To those who look upon the children's dancing class as the beginning of evil and to whom all terpsichorean exercise is of the devil, I would say that the very fact of knowing how to dance when one is small, and having plenty of chances to dance, lessens the attraction to the pastime when presents itself in all the temptingness of a forbidden fruit to many a grown-up Adam and Eve.

LADY GAY.

## Noted People.

The grave of Dr. Livingstone's wife in Africa is said to be "an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest." Perhaps if she could have been consulted she would have preferred it so.

Notwithstanding the Czar's promise to Countess Leo Tolstoi to have the imperial censor deal more leniently with her husband's writings, the book Conversations with and Criticisms of Tolstoi, published by Lewenfeld in Germany, has been suppressed in Russia.

The Life of her Majesty the Empress Victoria, composed in Sanskrit by H. H. Kerala Varma, has been translated into Malayalam verse by a conclave of eleven Malayalam poets! The poem depicts the history of the Queen from her childhood, and is said to be characterized by "a poetical splendor of no mean order."

The Queen of the Belgians is very fond of traveling *incog.*, and this fancy is said to lead to amusing experiences. Her plain dress on one of her recent journeys was the occasion of her being crowded out of her place in the railway carriage by a vulgar *parvenue*, who was unwilling to travel in the company of a person in such ordinary costume.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte has been ordered abroad by his physicians, and will soon leave London to spend the winter and spring in Italy. The operation for cataract that he underwent three months ago at the hands of Mr. Chitchett was successful, but he is not yet able to use his eyes freely, and his general health is not good.

The third Napoleon's refuge after his overthrow at Sedan—the quiet retreat of Camden Park, Chislehurst—is now being devastated by the mercenary builder, and the finely wooded grounds are being cut up into plots for "desirable" residences. Contractors' carts pass unchallenged in and out of the once imposing gates, and the mansion itself looks a mere delusion and mockery to the passer-by.

Miss Florence Hartley, court stenographer at Wichita, Kansas, learned stenography without a teacher from a manual. She studied seven hours a day, and after becoming proficient in shorthand, mastered the typewriter. She won her position by taking the place of an incompetent professional stenographer, who failed in reporting a trial in Wichita. This was in 1885, and Miss Hartley has held the place ever since.

How Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes spends his time: "He reads his mail every day, dictates and writes at times his own correspondence, and is now busily engaged in editing the edition of his poems which is to come from the press this fall. His early morning hours are devoted to work. On coming home from his daily drive late in the afternoon, he enjoys back-log studies, and the glow of a wood fire in the open fireplace."

After Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's departure from Sydney, there was a great rush to the hotel for relics of the divine Sarah. Among the mementoes discovered were various stray reptiles, creatures after the actress' own heart. There were also found numerous tracts sent by zealous clergymen, and appeals for a little of the profits in aid of various charitable objects. One pamphlet was entitled, How an Actress was Saved, and another was The Story of Jezebel.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is not allowed to remain long in her home in the north. Though her health has been much improved during her stay in the south, and there is not now any immediate danger of a fatal termination of her chest disease, her medical advisers do not advocate her wintering in Sweden, and she will therefore again spend the winter abroad. Egypt has been chosen as the "health resort" where her Royal Highness will spend the first few weeks of her exile.

Prince Bismarck is flourishing, notwithstanding all the rumors to the contrary, and his exile sits lightly upon him, as will be seen by the following notes from a letter of a visitor who has just returned from a visit to Bismarck at Varzin: "The Prince's health leaves nothing to be desired. On the day of my arrival he was two hours in the saddle. Next morning he invited me to a long walk through the park. During the afternoon we inspected part of his estate, the drive taking up four hours."

## 'Varsity Chat.

THINK I shall take up the calling of an American humorist. There is considerable pleasure in the business, not in writing matter, but in knowing that other people laugh at it. I know it is hard for a 'Varsity man to be anything but a critic. The mechanical training of our schools (which some humorously call teaching) has made our minds formal, with no bent to originality. We are, however, overcoming this deficiency, for among the select (our good men) it is considered the correct thing to be given to puns and slap-'em-on-the-back jokes. When we have founded a dialect I will begin my humorous writings. This leads me to state that American Humorists was the subject for discussion at the meeting of the Modern Language Club on Monday week last. The programme was as follows: Miss T. C. M. Robertson, reading; Miss Durand, essay; Miss A. Telfer, piano solo; Mr. A. W. Cameron and Mr. F. G. Crosby, essays.

*

Mr. J. A. Duff, B.A., is now fellow in engineering in the School of Practical Science, and Mr. W. Lash Miller, Ph.D., in demonstration in chemistry in the University.

*

The advisability of making pass French and German equivalent to pass Greek is still an open question. "And still the game goes on."

*

Wave Motion was the subject of a lecture by Mr. W. J. Loudon, M.A., at the first meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society.

*

The engineering students of the School of Practical Science announce that white, blue and gold are the colors of the badge worn by them.

*

Mr. G. W. Orton and Mr. G. D. Porter attended the McGill College sports on Friday of last week as competitors in some of the events. Orton won the mile and half mile races and Porter was first in the 100 yards and second in the 200 yards run and the high jump.

*

Twenty to nine in 'Varsity's favor was the score in the great Rugby match between 'Varsity and Trinity on the lawn Saturday last. Our team was made up as follows:—McQuarrie (back), Bunting (captain), Parkyn and Gilmour (halves); Smith (quarter), Bain, Laidlaw, Clayes, N. Lash, Roseborough, Cross, Parker, (wings); M. Nash, T. McCrae, McMillan (forwards).

*

Two Toronto young ladies, the Misses Parkinson, are taking the theological course in Knox College.

*

The college Y. M. C. A. has distributed a handbook containing interesting information about the colleges and the city. Mr. John McNicol, B.A., a man of good common sense, is secretary of the association.

*

Messrs. W. Carroll, J. A. Clark and W. H. Moore read articles on the Senate at the last meeting of the Canadian History Referendum. They were inclined to think that our Dominion Senate is better constituted to carry out the purpose for which it is intended than that of the United States.

JUNIOR.

## The Bobolink's Song.

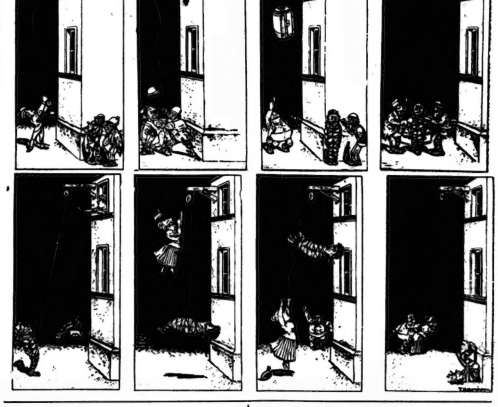
What sound,
The world round,
Most mad joy can express?
What do you say or guess?
Said the farmer gray:
"This is what I say;
This is what I think:
'Tis the note
From the straw-colored throat
Of the bobolink!
He is singing with a will;
There's a tink, tink, tinkles, and a gurgle and a thrill,
He has lilted all the gleaming meadow over,
He has tolled him in the fragrance of the clover,
He is drunk with the perfume
To the tip of every plume!
He is tumbling, pirouetting in his flight,
All a-whirl a merry moment, then alight.
Dead is care!
He is riotously rich, and has to spare;
He is flinging liquid silver to the air.
See him float!
See him gloat!
See him dote!
He is flaunting on the wing,
He is mad in all the glory of the day;
He has pitched to where the alder-bushes sway:
'I will teach you how to sing!'
All the other birds are mute.
He is hid among the green
And he plays the tambourine
And triangle and flute;
All a-tune
To the lushness and the living of the June!
The world round,
No other sound
Such mad joy can express.
I know! I do not guess!"
Said the farmer gray:
"That is what I say:
That is what I think.
'Tis the note
From the straw-colored throat
Of the bobolink!"

STANLEY WATERLOO.

## D. V.

Is it piety or superstition, or a queer blend of both, which makes people say and write that they will do this or that D. V.? People who say "God willing" once or twice become afraid to omit it: their piety dwindles into a kind of minor magic. When hurried—and we are all hurried now—they write it short, "D. V." just as they write R. S. V. P. or P. P. C. They have thus executed their little private mummery at the smallest possible expense of time and trouble. They have secured themselves from the malevolence of fate as effectually as if they had covered themselves all over with the lucky leaves, shells, rags, feathers, and other magical trifles of the Papuan. They have touched all necessary posts, as it were, and their sense of the precariousness in all things human is lulled to temporary repose. Of course, they know that whatever happens can only happen D. V. We may, with an effort, shake ourselves free of the D.V. superstition, which is not really a piece of piety, though it was not unfamiliar to Gordon. It would have been interesting to know how that good and great man defended the use of the mystic initials in his correspondence. It was a foible, and perhaps very few of us are without such foibles. People, otherwise sensible, tell cattle the day of the month when they meet them on the road, and bow to the new moon, and are afraid to dine in a company of thirteen, and mistrust Friday, and stick crows' feathers upright in the grass, and toss spilt salt over their left shoulders, and collect old horseshoes, and perform as many such feats as the superstitious family in Addison's *Spectator*. I myself have as many superstitions as Dr. Johnson, though a long acquaintance with the folk-lore of most people has taught me the folly of such rites and mumeries. Mine are mostly self-invented, my fetishes are of my own discovery. True, I spit on a salmon-fly for luck, and that is a superstition at least as old as Theocritus, being meant, by showing contempt for the article thus treated, to propitiate the Evil Eye. But most of my secret ritual is my own, much of it has been practiced ever since I was a child. The chief thing is to have rites that nobody can detect and laugh at, whereas Dr. Johnson's own ritual was extremely public and ludicrous. It is not wise to step on the stones by a preconceived plan, for you have to retrace your steps in the streets—an object of derision, pretending to look for some object you have dropped, if once you follow the example of Dr. Johnson. Perhaps nobody was ever quite so frank as to say what his personal secret ritual is, for D.V. and horse-shoes, and the rest of it, is conventional magic, known to all people. But I believe most of us, however agnostic and scientific, really have our own little rites, and, if we believe in nothing else, believe in luck, and try to propitiate that goddess. Some worship a particular walking-stick; some cling to an old lucky coat long after it is shabby; or to a seedy hat, a coin, a penknife, or some fetish. Let the reader ask himself, "Am I wholly free from superstition of every kind?" before he laughs at the use of D. V.—*Andrew Lang in Ill. London News.*

## An Interrupted Elopement.



## The Modern Way

Cholly.—I—I—I—called to ahsk—er—er—
Her Papa.—Yes, yes: you may have her! Take my blessing!! This is my busy day!!! Get out!!!!—*Puck.*

## Ladies in the House of Commons.

A reminiscence comes into my mind concerning ladies visiting the House of Commons. There is, as every one knows, a little seat or perch beside the great glass doors of the chamber itself, on which ladies are allowed to stand in turn and have a look at the assembly. One evening, some sessions ago, an American lady asked me to show her over the House. She also wished to see another member, whom I promised to try to find for her. Meanwhile, I brought her within the portals of the House—to the glass doors of the House, and helped her to the perch beside the "Aye" lobby—the perch which I have just been describing. Then I went off to look for her friend. I could not find him—and while I was in the House an important debate suddenly sprung up. Alack and alas! I forgot all about my fair friend on the perch. I spoke a few words in the debate myself, and I talked with various members, and listened first to this speech and then to that reply, until I found myself growing very hungry, and saw it was dinner time. So I was hurrying out of the House, when just as I got outside the glass doors I heard my name spoken by a plaintive voice, and caught the supplicant words, "May I not get down now?" Fancy my feelings! It was my American friend still standing on the seat where I had set her, and evidently under the impression that without my companionship she dared not get down! I had been telling her that everything in that house was ruled by strict regulations, and she got into her mind that once a member had planted her anywhere she must not stir until he came back to relieve her. Not all American ladies are so docile. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I was once escorting a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her, as a matter of more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there. "Is that really a law of the place?" she asked, with wide-opened and innocent eyes. "The very law," I answered. "Then," said she, calmly, "just see me break it!" and she drew a chair and resolutely sat down at the table.

## The Use of the Other Barrel.

The forethought shown by the hero of the William Tell legend, in preparing a second arrow to shoot the tyrant should the first have killed his boy, is not confined to heroic times. An American gold-seeker in California once adopted similar practical means, though with a less dignified motive.

When he arrived at the diggings—so relates one of the early miners—one of the first persons to attract his notice there was a man who, at an impromptu table, made by placing boards upon the tops of barrels, was prepared to serve coffee and food to the other miners.

The new arrival was as poor as he was hungry, and therefore endeavored to conciliate the restaurant keeper by every means in his power, hoping that he might so far ingratiate himself with that dignitary as to obtain credit for a meal. The hour for dinner arrived, and the proprietor of the hotel went into his shanty and appeared with a double-barrelled gun, which he proceeded to fire once in front of the house.

"What are you firing for?" asked the newcomer, innocently.

"Oh," answered the man, "I keep a sort of restaurant, and that's my dinner bell. The miners here are scattered round for two or three miles."

"But," said the stranger, "they may not hear the first barrel. Why don't you make a sure thing of it, and shoot off the second?"

A wicked smile passed over the grim countenance of the old settler, and he looked at the querist with meaning as he said, "That there one I keep to collect the price of the dinner with."

## There are Two Kinds.

City Salesman—Here is something new in the trade. Shoe effects have been introduced into the woolen corduroys since you bought your last bill.

Country Customer—Lawd! Out in our parts there's shoe effects introduced into all kinds of trouser cloth in the fruit season. Durn sight better'n dawgs.

## Some Use Yet.

He (hopeless, but seeking consolation)—Now that you have met Tom Walkover, you have no further use for me!

She—Oh, yes, I have. I need you to make him jealous!

## The Voice of Experience.

Teacher—What was Herod's idea in killing off all the children?

"He had flats to rent.

## In the Studio.

Herbrook (who is painting The Abduction of the Saracens)—Brace up, Donelly I'll be through in a moment.

Donelly—Ol'm thryin' to, sor; but av th'ould woman seen me now I'd be a divorced man.

# THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

*Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.*

## CHAPTER X.

IN THE SICK ROOM.

**He is gone with the age which begat him. Our own is too vast and too complex for one man alone To embody its purpose, and bring it close In the palm of his hand.—*Owen Meredith.***

Little cared Dr. Graham what was said or who were watching him as he rode his horse recklessly, in his haste to reach his friend. Foam was on the horse's mouth as Graham threw the bridle upon his neck and sprang down. Jim was running from the stables to take the horse, having seen the doctor approaching, but the animal was breathing hard and his head was lowered and there was no probability that he would avail himself of this opportunity to run. It is doubtful if Dr. Graham would have cared, had such an event occurred, in his state of anxiety and haste, at the luckless fortune that removed him from his friend's side, when most he was needed.

Hastings was nowhere in sight; but he did not expect to see him, being certain that he was with Price. Mayhew and Newton were lounging restlessly in the hall. But Graham stopped to question no one. As he sprang up the staircase, Mayhew called to him in an undertone to send down word as soon as possible as to the condition of the patient.

"He's in a deuce of a state," added Newton, pausing half-way down the hall, his hands clasped at his back, as he watched the physician hurrying up the stairs. "I never heard of such a thing in my life! A fellow so healthy as he!"

"Yes," said Mayhew; "and such sudden attacks. It's mighty curious, that's what it is Ned."

But Graham neither turned nor replied as he sprang up the staircase. His face was set and his lips stern, as he paused in the upper hall to gain composure. He was a desperate battle which he was called upon to fight with a subtle enemy, and he knew it. Many of his cases had been trying, many almost hopeless when placed in his hands, yet this was entirely different. This meant life, or death sudden and violent. He needed every faculty clear and steady when he entered Conyers's room, and he commanded himself powerfully, as he turned the handle of the door and went in.

Hastings was at the bedside, of course—and Conyers. He was certain that Hastings would be there, but had not expected to see Conyers—Conyers, calm, pale, noiseless and perfectly unashamed by his displeasure at Graham's previously. Conyers as inscrutable as ever—and as faithful.

Mrs. Estabrook was also at the bedside, her face gentle with sympathy, as one soft hand brushed back the clinging dark hair from the forehead upon which were set the drops of the struggle between life and death. Price was lying almost insensible upon the pillows, a startling pallor upon his face. One hand was upon the coverlet and the other was hidden beneath his pillow, as though even in his intense suffering he would hide his pains from his friends.

Hastings' face lighted as Graham entered; Hastings felt the necessity of experienced care in this case, and stepped aside to give place to the physician. Mrs. Estabrook looked up with sorrow and pleading blended upon her face and in the beautiful dark eyes. Conyers had drawn the lace drapery of the window and set a light, softened, beyond the reach of the patient's eyes, and was now waiting for orders; for he knew that there would be such.

Graham set his medicine case on a stand and bent over the young man upon the pillows. His eyes were brill ant with swift comprehension and shrewd wisdom. He poured a glass of water, and when Conyers brought it he prepared a cordial, which he held to the patient's lips with a steady hand, raising his head upon his arm with more than professional tenderness.

"Drink it, Price," he said, quietly. "Never mind if you don't want to. It will bring you back to life."

The young man mechanically obeyed. Mrs. Estabrook turned to her master as if in thoughtfulness, and Graham laid him gently back.

"He will either greatly recover in half an hour," he said with wonderful composure, addressing Mrs. Estabrook. "or he will have passed beyond aid. The potion I have administered will rather improve the patient's condition, and will waken better—or he will never waken! At this moment the balance is equal. I wish you to perfectly understand this case, and I must ask you to leave the room, every one—but Conyers."

Hastings turned upon him a face of blank astonishment. He made no order the quiet, but believed that Graham would desire his presence. He and Graham understood each other pretty well. Both were almost convinced of the cause of this strange illness; both were determined to discover if this suspicion were correct. And yet—Graham ordered him away and detained Conyers! It was incredible, and rather humiliating.

Hastings turned away with a frown, which was not lost upon the quiet but observant physician.

"I may need you presently, Tom," he said, his eyes bent upon the man who was the physician's slave. "Be ready to come when I summon you."

And as Hastings, moll fied, opened the door for Mrs. Estabrook to pass out, following her, Graham turned to the valet, standing obedient and respectful, somewhat apart from the bed, and beyond sight of his sleeping master.

A sudden change struck the physician's face. His eyes were blazing, his face hard as stone, his lips almost cruel in their sternness. Even the hitherto immovable valet was for a moment startled from his composure. But only for a moment.

"Conyers!" Graham said, and his voice, although low, was stonily stern like his face. He stood facing the man in a storm of passion and indignation under a cool, still exterior; one hand even resting lightly upon the stand beside him.

For an instant Conyers' eyes fell before the fire in Graham's; then he met the gaze as unmoved as ever.

"Conyers," repeated Graham, "when I left here this afternoon your master was almost entirely recovered from the last attack of illness. Five hours later he is seized with another attack more violent than before, and find him lying at the point of death—with only a hair's breadth difference between life and death."

Conyers made no answer, but he heard. His eyes quivered or scintillated or changed in some remarkable manner that puzzled even this alert physician, on the instant for some betraying sign. That was all. Graham wondered, a moment later, if his own eyes had not deceived him.

"These attacks are suspicious," added the physician, his eyes keenly searching the valet's face. Nothing there save quiet attention—the waiting for some order to follow. "They do not come from natural disease. I have almost made certain the exact cause of this. When I have done so beyond doubt"—no start, no change; absolutely nothing but the most perfect respectful attention—"someone will have to answer for the cause. If he dies—"

"We hope that he will not die, sir," said Conyers, quietly, as the doctor paused, with intense meaning in his voice.

"We hope that he will not," said Graham, coldly, knowing that recovery would be one of the miracles of science, "for many reasons. Partly because—someone would have to answer for that, also."

No reply; no movement whatever on the part of the valet.

"I left Mr. Hastings in charge when I went away. Who else has been here, Conyers?"

An abrupt question, receiving prompt response.

"The housekeeper, sir. She brought up the master's supper."

"Who prepared his supper?"

"She did, sir."

"Mrs. Leonard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Emma, the housmaid, assist her in this, Conyers?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Did—you?"

"No, sir. I have nothing to do with table service, sir."

No annoyance; no ruffling of his perfect self-possession; not even resentment at this strange questioning. The eyes scintillated for an instant. That was all.

"Has no one else been here, Conyers?"

"No, sir. Excepting Mrs. Estabrook, sir."

"Not even Emma?"

"No, sir."

"What was brought up for your master's supper?"

"Oysters, sir, on toast, and a bit of broiled chicken."

"Coffee?"

"No, sir; just a glass of wine he desired afterward."

"Did he drink it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who brought it?"

"Emma, sir."

"You said that Emma had not been in the room."

"She brought the wine to the door. She has not been in here, sir."

A fine distinction with no manner of difference, thought Graham, in sudden irritation. "Did your master have no fruit with his supper?"

"Peaches, sir, and a few late berries."

"These were brought in with his supper by Mrs. Leonard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Emma pour the wine for your master?"

"No sir. Gordon did that."

"Gordon! He is the butler, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

Gordon was irreproachable.

"Very well. That will do. I think that you understand the situation perfectly and know what is liable to happen under certain circumstances. You may go now, Conyers. Send Mr. Hastings to me."

"Yes sir," said Conyers, respectfully, as the door closed behind him without a sound, and the doctor was left alone with his patient.

"By Gosh!" he muttered impatiently to himself. "That fellow is enough to try the patience of a saint! I never saw anything equal to him. He can't be moved from his perfect composure even by dynamite! But I'm her believe that he knows now what to expect. It may be unwise to let him know that I am on the right track, but I have given him a chance to be loyal, if he wishes. 'Hope he will not die,' indeed! Humph! Pretty well said, my man, but open to question."

He turned to the bed and leaned over the sleeper, watching his respiration critically. This sleep meant so much! The drug which he administered was powerful as to deaden even Price's extreme suffering and quiet him to sleep; but as its effect wore off the patient would drift back to life or sink into the slumber that knows no waking upon earth. A few hours at most must decide.

Graham sighed unconsciously as he laid his fingers lightly over the pulse of the wrist. The pulse was weak, irregular, but proved that the red blood of life still coursed through the veins carrying food to the heart. Respiration also was irregular, at times so faint breath scarcely stirred the lips, at times much stronger, as though the lungs and heart were struggling against the enemy that would paralyze their functions and bring death.

This man's life was so much to his friends, so much to all who knew him or who had tested his kindness of heart and generosity! No one had ever been turned unsatisfied from his door. No friend or stranger had come to him for help and been denied. Many unconsciously owed to his wealth or influence their start in life.

The servants of his household, the clerks in his city offices were warm in his praise. He made no pretensions; his name never appeared upon charity lists; but charity never asked of him in vain. That which he did was known only to himself and God. Even those whom he assisted were ignorant to whose hand they owed much, if ignorance were possible.

It was such a man as this who lay unconscious, the scale of life and death equally balanced, so much as a feather's weight capable of determining the result. It was such a man as this lay there stricken with more than natural physical disease. It was such a man as this was chosen for one of the principal characters in the drama of a life.

Not with his consent—not even with his knowledge, but written in the books of fate to fill the part assigned him.

"It is horrible!" Graham muttered to himself, still gazing down upon the white face. "Horrible! Such a fellow as Price of all men. I wish I were given the power to judge and condemn one person I know—possibly two or more. Their liberty would be of little consequence in an hour, I can tell them. But we will save you, Price, old fellow—we will save you yet if there is sufficient power in science."

"Sir," said Hastings's quiet voice beside him. "If there is sufficient power, Jack!"

## CHAPTER XI.

DR. GRAHAM'S VISITOR.

**Men usefulest I' the world are simply used.**

*Aurora Leigh.*

The balance evenly swayed, now one way, now the other, and then life outweighed death in that hushed room at Bachelors' Beatitude. It was almost a miracle, Dr. Graham said, discussing it with the young men so anxiously waiting the result of their host's illness.

"A wonderful illustration of the power of science against science," he said, in calm satisfaction. "When I administered the antidote—"

"The antidote!" interrupted Mayhew, in surprise. "Why, I always thought that antidotes were used only in cases of poison, Graham!"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders coolly.

"Did I say antidote, Mayhew? Well, cordial will do," he said, quietly. "When I administered the cordial that will restore Price to-day, I had scarcely a thought, scarcely a fragment of hope that it would be of the least consequence. I gave it because I saw my life in all possible humility—such another case that survived. The symptoms left almost no loophole for doubt."

"What do you consider the cause—the disease—what ever you call it?" queried Morgan.

"It has puzzled me long enough. I shall be grateful for the least solution to the mystery."

"There is very little mystery about it—now," replied Graham, with a scarcely perceptible pause before the last word. "It can easily be solved and summed up in less than a half-dozen words—convulsions and internal paralysis."

"And I take it that that generally means—death," said Burnes, gravely.

"Almost invariably," was the quiet reply. "As I said, I had absolutely no hope of his recovery at the time. He is not yet out of danger. In fact, he is in continual danger of relapse or recurrence of the symptoms, and such would undoubtedly prove fatal. Rather garrulous for a physician—this symposium of mine, but it will do no harm for you fellows to know. Hastings is with him now. No one else, save myself, is to enter his room until I secure a nurse. He must have a nurse, of course."

"Then it is serious," Newton said, rather blankly, his lip to that moment he had perfect faith in Price's magnificent physique to overcome such physical evil.

"Well, rather," was the concise reply, as the young doctor drew on his gloves, walking through the hall to the piazza. "I am obliged to go to my office, to make further arrangements with Hutchinson, and Hastings will take my place upstairs for the time. There is no use for you to attempt to see Price, for my command is 'No admittance,' and Hastings would fight any one of you who made the effort. Your share of this unfortunate affair is to keep the house as quiet as possible. I go, you know, from rather unpleasant docile than a week ago. Good-bye, boys. Remember my instructions if you hope for happiness with Hastings."

And with a laughing word to Jim, as he took the bridle from his hand, Dr. Graham mounted and rode away in the broad sunlight of the morning, leaving the young men watching him from the piazza.

"Very pretty, so far as it goes, that explanation," said Newton, presently, taking a cigar case from his pocket and selecting from its contents with fastidious care, as he leaned against one of the shaded pillars.

"Yes," said Curtis, seating himself in one of the piazza chairs. "But not a great deal of it, I'd."

"There is more to it than Jack puts words in it, mark my words," rejoined Burns'de, meditatively. "I don't like the looks of it. To me my thinking it is altogether off color."

"Perhaps it may ripen," suggested Morgan, coolly.

"Of this I am assured," Dr. Graham said to himself, as he rode along without heeding the exquisite late summer morning's beauty, the budded golden-rod at the roadside mingling with the tiny purplish asters, and the fields of white daisies stretching away to mingle with the tall river-grasses and the blue of the water. "I left Tom Hastings in the room with such precautionary words as he understood. No one will enter there during my absence, and no meals will be served to the patient. There can be no danger this time except from relapse; but I think he will be able to pull through until my return with a nurse."

When Dr. Graham reached his office he found many things waiting his return—papers and letters and business orders, all needed as his associate could not attempt without him. There were patients, also, in the reception room, anxious and insistent upon seeing him, on learning of his presence in the house, and for an hour he was kept continually busy. After that, he sent for Dr. Hutchinson and explained the necessity of his presence at Bachelors' Beatitude. There was no doubt that much of his time for the coming weeks would be required by his friend, and during that time he left all things in Hutchinson's hands.

After this was done, Graham felt free to return to Price and to make arrangements for a nurse. It was necessary that some reliable person should be engaged; for, although Hastings and the other guests were willing to do all that lay in their power, yet they knew absolutely nothing about a sick room or the care of a patient. But as Graham was sitting for a moment idly beside the desk, thinking of the door and announced a visitor for "Dr. Graham."

Simultaneously with these words a quiet, elderly woman entered, her snow-white hair softly waved about her delicate face, her eyes, dark and clear, warm with life and very steady, eyes that one could trust, if there were need. Dr. Graham assured himself of this at once to her—a gentle mouth, about which would lurk a hint of old-time smiling. She was neatly dressed in grey, and held her hands, as if every one in a pretty half-gesture, in addressing the physic an, were remarkably well formed and small.

"This is Dr. Graham, I think, sir?"

"I am Dr. Graham; yes, madam. Will you not be seated?"

He placed a chair for her, with a strange feeling of pleasure in her presence, smiling as he spoke.

"You do not know me," said the woman gently. Her voice was delightful, softly modulated and clear. "I am a stranger to you, a stranger even to your patients. A charming town, is it not? But I did not come here for mere beauty of surroundings, and should explain to you quickly. Your time is fully occupied, I am sure. Mine generally is, too. We have that ground for friendship, Dr. Graham. Now, pardon me for venturing upon your time and I will state my business."

"I shall be pleased to hear it," said Dr. Graham, courteously. He was strangely attracted by this woman's beauty and voice. "I trust that there will prove no doubt to the grounds of our friendship, madam."

"You are kind," said his visitor, sweetly. A slow, soft color was mounting in her cheeks, and an added flash made the gray eyes brilliant. "I trust that we may prove to be friends, Dr. Graham, but my time will allow I call upon you in regard to business, however, rather than friendship. You are acquainted with Mr. Oldham, of New York, are you not?"

"I know of him through his relatives, not otherwise, madam. But his reputation is of the best. He is your friend, perhaps?" There was a slight hesitation in his voice. He would not have her consider him inquisitive; he wished only to assist her in an explanation which he might be trying to her, and he was in some haste to return to his patient at Bachelors' Beatitude. Still, he wished to retain this woman's good will. He smiled involuntarily, thinking how strange it was that he should think of her in this manner upon their first meeting, even before he knew her name or errand.

His visitor smiled also, catching this smile upon his lips. Dr. Graham's face was wonderful y winning when he smiled.

"Dr. Oldham is merely an acquaintance of mine," said the woman in her musical voice. "I could not quite claim him as my friend. There is too much meaning in that word to be used so lightly as we are accustomed to do. Dr. Oldham sent me to you with a letter of introduction. Dr. Graham! I have a peculiar way that you desire a nurse for a patient now under your care. If you will read this letter, Dr. Graham, and give me a trial, I feel assured that you will be satisfied."

She drew a letter from her hand-bag as she spoke and handed it to the physician, her eyes very bright, her lips half parted as though it were much to her whether or not he approved of her offered services.

A slight frown, just the shadow of a frown, touched Dr. Graham's brow as he took the letter extended to him. He had learned from a busy and difficult life that the keeping of secrets was one of the secrets of success. Few words and scant gossip were the hinges to success. He was not perhaps annoyed than he cared to show this sweet elderly woman because someone had made known his desire to secure a nurse for one of his patients—this special patient of them all; for he was perfectly assured in his own mind that this woman spoke of Lee Price.

Nevertheless, he took the letter from her with a murmured apology, and opening it, glanced over the contents. It was a very simple, yet strong, recommendation of the bearer, Mrs. Carmichael, to Dr. John Graham. He spoke of the woman as a careful, reliable person, one whom he, Dr. Graham, could feel no hesitation in accepting as a nurse for the patient for whom, he understood, he desired such a nurse.

When Dr. John Graham had read and reread this—for so he could gain time to think quietly upon the matter before he addressed the woman—he laid it aside upon his desk and glanced up to the bearer. The frown had deepened upon his brows and was now sharply lined between the straight black eyebrows, even shadowing the searching eyes beneath. His lips betrayed their possible sternness and a fine, almost imperceptible chill was in his manner, although he was still the courteous gentleman and careful physician.

"Dr. Oldham's reputation is such," he said quietly, his stern eyes meeting the clear eyes opposite, but never forcing them to falter or fall, "as to be sufficient for the introduction of a stranger. In ordinary case, Mrs. Carmichael; but this is not an ordinary case."

"I know that it is not," said the woman, just as quietly.

Graham's eyes contracted.

"You appear to have received your intelligence to the extreme condition of the case, madam," he said, coldly. "May I inquire from whom it was received?"

"I will tell you—presently," was the soft reply. There was something in her eyes, also, that betrayed caution and shrewdness. "When you have more confidence in me, Dr. Graham. Neither you nor I can do anything about this peculiar case without the most perfect confidence in each other."

Dr. Graham began to lose confidence in her alarmingly. The frown was dark between his darkening eyes.

"Perhaps you have been misinformed as to this case, Mrs. Carmichael," he said, coldly. "A soft, slow smile stirred upon her lips; the sparkle deepened in her eyes.

"When I have made my explanation—presently, he will understand that this is not so," she said, gently.

He bit his lip in annoyance. This sort of a nurse was rather more than he had bargained for.

"You have had experience in nursing, of course?" he said, wishing to fully comprehend her motive and her power. He was not altogether pleased with himself or her, for he knew that her gentle personality was dulling his keenness of perception, and he must be absolutely dagger-sharp in this case. "Dr. Oldham would otherwise not have sent you to me at this time, Mrs. Carmichael. Are you a trained nurse?"

She shook her head. She was paling and flushing as though she could not endure a refusal of her services. His quick eyes noted this agitation.

"I am not a trained nurse—no, doctor, but I have been so successful in such cases as I have undertaken that Dr. Oldham expressed himself perfectly willing to recommend me to you. If you will give me your attention for a few minutes longer, I can satisfy you, I am certain, as to my nerve and reliability. The time will not be lost in listening, believe me."

He bowed, and his stern lips relaxed in a smile. He believed her, too, in his inner consciousness, but he dared not yield his vigilance or set a woman's face and voice against a man's life.

She leaned forward a trifle nearer him, her clear eyes upon his, her face paling in its earnestness, one hand lightly touching the desk. Her voice when she spoke was at first low and hurried; but as she concluded, her utterance was calm and concise.

A change passed over Dr. Graham also, as she proceeded in her explanation; and when she ceased, his face rivaled hers in pallor, his eyes the fire in hers.

She arose as she finished speaking, and he arose with her. Silence fell upon them as though speech were impossible to either. Then he laid his hand upon her arm as he queried in a voice that was low from his effort to command its excitement:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Carmichael—one question more: To whom do you owe your discovery of my patient's condition?"

And her eyes smiled steadily lifted to his, no flinching in their calm, gray depths as she replied sweetly and without a tremor in her voice:

"I owe this entirely to one of the servants of his own household, Dr. Graham—to the girl whom I believe they call—Emma!"

## CHAPTER XII.

A GENTLE NURSE.

**Men, upon the whole,**
**Are what they can be**
**Not what they would be.**

*Owen Guidd Windows.*

Lee Price had been quietly sleeping for half an hour. It was close upon noon when he awakened with a tingling sensation of hunger. He was very comfortable; rather weak, but without pain, and turned his head upon the pillow to address Hastings, who was sitting beside the bed, reading a newspaper, when he fell asleep.

But Hastings was not there—was not anywhere in sight.

Price opened his eyes wider now, looking about him. He was decidedly hungry and rather curious to know if he were alone, for he had not been alone for a moment during the past two days and nights.

The room was cool and shadowy, even in the middle of the blazing noon, for the blinds and shades pulled down half way, and the lace drapery moved and swayed with a delightful suggestion of soft winds from across the water, laden with the garden's spicy odors.

Delicious quiet reigned everywhere; the broken hum of voices from the piazza below was a slight hint of life, but was mingled with the fragrance of shrubs and roses as to seem but parts of a dream; the silence was so clear, that he could catch the sweet and shrill of oyster rakes against the side of a boat somewhere out on the water. He knew that the tide was turning or at flood, by that sound, and glanced toward the clock upon his dressing-case, to learn the hour.

Some one stirred in the room, and his keen gaze caught the stir of a woman's soft garment. Turning quickly toward the sound, he encountered the pleasant glance of a pair of soft, dark eyes, and the hint of exquisite white hair softly waved about the face, as a woman rose from the bamboo chair by one of the windows and approached the bed. There was something so charming, so restful, so homelike in her mere movement, that Price slowly sank back among the pillows watching her, for the moment forgetting to address her.

"You have had a most beneficial sleep"—what a charming voice she had, he thought, laughing with a restful sensation of perfect contentment—"and now I have said quite that you are hungry, Mr. Price. You need not hesitate to acknowledge it, for it is what I expect of you, and should be disappointed not to hear it."

She smiled, and Lee smiled back at her, more and more pleased with this attendant, knowing, without questioning, that she was a nurse.

"I am hungry," he said, his eyes still upon her sweet, quiet face, lighted with those dark eyes, surrounded by the delicate, white hair, as she softly smoothed the rumpled pillows and the covering about him. "They have been starving me on some horrible stuff that they call—I don't know what, and I want something this minute that will satisfy the cravings of a half-famished man. Please, nurse, let it be something very nice, and a great deal of it. Otherwise, I shall be tempted to eat—you!"

She smiled down upon him as though she thoroughly comprehended the state of his appetite, and, crossing the room, rapped lightly upon the door leading into the adjoining room.

Hastings immediately appeared in the open doorway, and, after a few words with the woman, he entered and took her place beside the bed, while she passed out, leaving the door between the rooms still ajar.

Dr. Graham was lying upon a couch in this inner room. He had been up all the night before, watching with Price, and was resting during this time of Price's sleep in the care of the nurse. But he was a light sleeper, and heard the few low words between the woman and Hastings, and joined the latter at the bedside a moment later. He felt convinced that he might safely leave this young man in the charge of this quiet, elderly woman and resume his other duties, and he wished to tell Price himself that the woman was reliable, and he would do well to obey her implicitly.

"Well, old fellow," he said, gentlily, laying his hand over Price's hand upon the coverlet, to catch the beat of the pulse in the wrist, "I congratulate you upon your improved appearance. And your appetite, too," he added, laughing. "I know that you are hungry, because Mrs. Carmichael has gone to prepare your lunch. That is the best sign there could be, and nothing pleases me more."

Price smiled indolently. He felt exceedingly at peace with the world as he looked up to these two friends from among his old foes, Bachelors' Beatitude was well named, he informed himself, recalling the joke that led to its designation.

"And this Mrs. Carmichael, Graham? She is a nurse, I know. Where, in the name of peace and quiet, did you discover her? She would prove a priceless jewel to you in reference to refractory patients. When I wakened I was hungry enough to eat nails and robbie stamps, and I commenced a quarrel with her. When I first saw her I thought that she floated in through the window with the winds from the garden—like fairies, you know."

His friends laughed. This show of his old


**WHITE AS SNOW!**

**SURPRISE** makes all Linens, Cottons, Laces—sweet pure white.

**SURPRISE** makes colored goods brighter and Flannels softer.

**SURPRISE** does not injure the finest Fabrics or tenderest hands.

The peculiar and remarkable qualities of **Surprise** give these results; every cake is guaranteed. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Simply ask your Grocer to put in one cake **Surprise Soap** the next time you buy Soap; then test it. **READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER**

St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N.B.

NO MORE BALD HEADS, NO MORE GREY HAIR

CAPILINE

CLEANLINESS, BEAUTY & EFFICACY ARE THE PROPERTIES OF THE RESTORER

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

50c.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH

30 YEARS IN USE

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

(Limited) MONTREAL

Offer for sale all grades of refined

SUGARS AND SYRUPS

Of the well-known brand of

Redpath

Certificate of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,

MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

I have received from Mr. Redpath, and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.85 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,

C. F. GIRDWOOD

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. Give T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST. TORONTO, ONT.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

spirits proved that he was indeed improving.

"Mrs. Carmichael is your nurse, Price," Graham answered, still laughing. "You will find that she will take the best care of you. She will, however, enforce one command of mine, and you may as well begin now to obey: you are not yet strong enough for much conversation; quiet and rest are what you need. That, with proper care and food, will bring you around all right in a couple of weeks or so."

"Yes," added Hastings; "and if you will not follow orders on your own account, Price, you must do so for the sake of us lonely bachelors. We are forlorn and don't know what to do without you. Every one of us would go away to one of the hotels, but Jack thought it as well for us to remain and give you an incentive for regaining your health. But I can tell you that we won't do it unless you hurry and get well!"

"Well!" said Price, half pettishly, half laughing, already comprehending that the physician was right as to his weakness and inability to converse or make any effort. "I should think me a baby with the measles or scarlet fever, the way you talk, Tom! All that I want is something to eat, and plenty, and I'll be on my feet to-morrow! You fellows shall not think of leaving the house unless it grows too deuced dull!"

"Well!" Dr. Graham said. "That depends greatly upon you, Price. If you will do your part, we will do ours. I haven't more time now to explain my meaning, but I will before now—depends upon yourself. Here is Mrs. Carmichael and your luncheon; so eat and be happy! I have to return to my office now, but I feel perfectly satisfied to leave you in Mrs. Carmichael's hands. She will take the very best care of you, and you must safely trust her. I have proved her ability. I shall, then, leave you. To-night I will come back and stay with you. To-morrow I think that you will be sufficiently recovered to have one or another of the fellows with you through the day; at night Mrs. Carmichael will attend you."

"And Conyers?" queried Price, a sudden frown darkening his brow.

Dr. Graham was quite unmoved. He paused in the doorway, smiling back at the rather disagreeable young man who had allowed in his momentary state of wrath concerning his valet.

"You ought not to question in relation to Conyers when you have a Mrs. Carmichael to attend you," said the physician, coolly. "Mrs. Carmichael has my full instructions, and I place entire authority in her hands. Her 'no' means no, so you need not attempt to argue it down; but she will not be hard with you unless you are unreasonable in your demands, such as dressing and going down to dinner, for instance. To-morrow, if you obey well to-day, I think that we will allow you to leave your bed for a while, though I wish you to remain the invalid for some time to come. Good bye, my dear fellow, and eat all that Mrs. Carmichael will allow." And with a smiling nod that included them all, lingering perhaps a trifle longest on the gentle nurse, Dr. Graham closed the door behind him with unmistakable satisfaction.

"Now I can attend to my business," he said, as he descended the staircase, "without endangering his life. I do not know exactly why I should so trust that woman; she certainly brought a perfect introduction from Dr. Oldham, but apart from that I feel as though all this anxiety were needless. I wonder if I have told me this as her belief I should undoubtedly diagnose it a case of whim; as it happens to be myself, as a man I must leave it to science to solve."

"Now, Mr. Hastings," said Mrs. Carmichael, when the doctor was gone, as she daintily arranged the tray upon a table beside the bedside, "we must order you out to breathe this delightful air. The piazza, even in this sunshine, is perfect in the cool river breeze. Take a cigar and the news. We cannot agree to have you also."

"You would certainly never wish him to be ill, Mrs. Carmichael," said Price, watching her movements with hungry eyes, wondering when she would allow him to begin on the temp ing dishes before him. If there was ever a two legged bear, it is Tom Hastings when he is ill. I am bad enough, but nothing compared to him. I assure you."

"If he is not much worse than you," said Mrs. Carmichael, quietly, assisting her patient to a reclining position among the pillows, "I see so that his hand was within easy reach of the tray." I think that I could endure him nicely, Mr. Price. But you have a faithful friend to your friend, Mr. Hastings," she added, seating herself in a chair at the bedside, to be near the patient should he require her assistance, as though she were never in a hurry. Tom thought, watching her. "You should go out when you can. Besides, perhaps Mr. Price's other friends are waiting to learn that he is improving."

Like a good colonel I obey the orders of my superior officer," Hastings said, laughing away good naturedly. Hastings generally was good-tured.

"There's a good sound kernel of truth in that, Tom," retorted Price, eating his luncheon with evident relish, although he was still too weak to make much effort without assistance. "Hastingshed.

"Don't you think that it would be well to order silence for him after that, Mrs. Carmichael?" he queried, quite forgetting the door that there should be no reply, as he passed out.

"He's one of the best fellows going," Price remarked, as Hastings's soft whistle died away down the stairs.

Mrs Carmichael smiled brightly, a glimmer in her dark eyes.

"Mr. Hastings has certainly been very kind to you," she said, quietly; but her tone expressed much more than her words.

Everything about Mrs. Carmichael was quiet and soothing. Her soft gray dress, her beautiful white hair, her gentle face and manner were the essence of peace. Her manner of bushed life suggested that peace had come only after pain; Price rather thought that this was true; but, come from whatever cause, it was delightful to her patient.

Bachelors' Beatitude had for so long existed without the softer element of womanhood, save the housekeeper and maids, with an occasional visit from Mrs. Estabrook, Lee's mother, that this woman's presence seemed to the young man like a return to his boyhood and the care of a gentlewoman with silvery hair and a pretty voice and soft hands.

"Do you know"—Price suddenly opened his eyes after a long interval, during which he had been lying comfortably back with closed eyes, while Mrs. Carmichael read aloud the daily news to him—"do you know, Mrs. Carmichael, it is almost worth being ill to have your care! I feel just as though"—a slight hesitation in his voice—"as though my mother had come back to me and—cared for me."

For an instant the dark eyes flashed and darkened, the lips contracted, the paper rustled in her white hands. Then the old perfect calm returned as she nurse answered:

"You are very kind, Mr. Price, and anything that I can do to make you more comfortable or happy, I trust you will let me know. Still, I must enforce quiet upon you for this afternoon. Those are your doctor's orders, remember; and to be safe, one must obey orders."

"Especially of such a gentle nurse!" added Price, smiling.

*(To be Continued.)*

AN APPETIZER.—Those who are in the habit of taking an appetizer before meals cannot do better with regard to economy and effect than use the Indigenous Bitters.

### A Mean Advantage.

Jack—How did you manage to get rid of your rival?

Harry—I got him appointed an umpire, and took the girl out to witness his first game.

## A Woman Scorned.

In the court-yard of Castle Ostrog, a gay company of guests were assembled. Count Zamofski, one of the magnates of Poland, had invited the nobles of the neighborhood to a boar-hunt. The guests were eagerly awaiting the signal to set off. In the court-yard of the castle the carcass of an ox revolved slowly upon a great spit before a huge fire of logs, and a colossal cask of Hungarian wine had been broached.

The most remarked among the whole company were Count Mikronowski and his daughter, Constance. The young lady was to make one of the party of hunters. Her courage was, it seemed, as great as her beauty. The son of the host, his young kinsman, Stanislaus Zamofski, attached himself to her side, and, when the signal for the setting out of the cortege was given, and the huntsmen were followed by their yelping, leaping pack of hounds had departed in the direction of the forest, it was the young gentleman's sleigh that Constance was lifted by its owner, who, leaping in after her, took the reins of the fiery horses, harnessed three abreast before it, and drove swiftly off through the snow and mist.

Arrived at the spot where the huntsmen were drawn up in expectation of their game, they dismounted, and, standing their side by side, silently awaited the coming of the bear. Fate that day smiled upon Constance. A large bear was driven by the beaters directly across the path where she and Stanislaus had taken their stand. At sight of them, the monster reared himself up threateningly on his hind feet; but the girl, lifting her rifle, calmly shot him through the heart.

Complete ly fascinated by her beauty and courage, Stanislaus yielded himself her willing captive to her charms. From that moment his passion grew daily. The love which her courage had inspired was deepened and strengthened by the sight of her at home, seated demurely before her spinning-wheel. As the wheel revolved and the white hands of the maiden drew the thread from the distaff, Stanislaus, at her side, murmured in her ear, to an accompaniment of the whirring music of the wheel, his vows of love and pledged her his troth.

The betrothal was publicly celebrated soon after at the house of Constance's father. The parents of the bridegroom, however, saw, with deep though secret dislike, his infatuation for the daughter of their impoverished neighbor, Mikronowski, and they persuaded their son, shortly after the celebration of the betrothal, to take a journey to Dresden, where August the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, held his court. The Polish embassy for at Dresden was secretly instructed by Zamofski's parents to lead the young nobleman into the gay and profligate society of the capital.

To the beautiful young widow, Antoinette, Countess of Ogiuska, the favorite alike of August and his all-powerful minister Beuhl, was given the congenial task of rendering Stanislaus faithless to his absent love. Mistress in the arts of coquetry and intrigue, the fair countess soon accomplished this.

A letter, written to Constance only a few months after his arrival in Dresden from her lover, convinced her of his desertion of her, and at the same time, begged forgiveness for his faithlessness. Family interests and his duty to the state and his king, her recreant lover wrote, were the causes of his breaking his plighted word. On receipt of this epistle, Constance shed a few angry tears; but she was not the woman to weep long over a lover's alteration. Plans of revenge for the slight put upon her caused her soon to forget her grief.

Before the marriage of the countess of Ogiuska could be celebrated, Stanislaus found himself compelled to return to Poland to attend to some business connected with his estates there. During the long time he had carefully avoided meeting Constance. She, on her part, gave no signs of desiring to see him again. This seeming indifference on the part of the raged beauty soon caused Zamofski to suppose she had quite forgotten him, and he, on his side, ceased to think of her.

One night, while returning late from a ball at Prince Sapieh's, as the was driving through the forest of Grodna, his sleigh was suddenly surrounded by a band of armed men. At the sight of this band the coach man and footman leaped quickly from the box and fled away on foot. Zamofski defended himself bravely, but was overcome after a short struggle. He was bound, a sack was drawn down over his head and face, and he was lifted on a horse which led off at a gallop.

The young man, supposing he had been attacked by robbers, with which the forest was infested, now gave himself up for lost. After a wild ride of an hour or so, Stanislaus was made aware by the sound of his horse's hoofs that they were crossing a bridge. Directly after, he was lifted from the saddle and hurried on foot for a short distance. The sack was then removed and he discovered himself to be in a small, cellike apartment, with a single grated window high up in one of its walls. At one side of the room was a pallet of straw. The rays of a small lamp shed a dim light around. Before him stood two men in the uniform of Cossacks.

"Where am I?" he demanded. "Why have you brought me here?"

They vouchsafed no answer, but the door presently opened and admitted Constance, clad in a long mantle of dark-green cloth lined with sable. She motioned with her hand for the men to withdraw; then, left alone with her captive, she measured him with eyes full of angry scorn.

"You are in my power now," she said exultingly. "Expect no mercy from me. I give you only one choice. Either you marry me here and at once, or you die."

"I can not marry you, Constance," he retorted firmly; "my duty to my parents and my country forbids it."

"You are deceiving me."

Zamofski face crimsoned with rage, and an angry answer seemed trembling on his lips. But he controlled himself, after a visible struggle, and remained silent.

"Yes, you are lying to me—you are the acknowledged lover of the Countess Ogiuska, and it is because you wish to marry her that you have broken your faith to me. But I ask you once more, and for the last time—are you willing to keep your promise and marry me?"

"I can not, Constance. Unfortunately I may not follow the dictates of my heart in this matter."

"Then prepare, and at once, for death," coldly replied the disdained beauty. "I shall leave you now to send a priest in my stead. In a quarter of an hour, you shall die on the gallows."

Zamofski stared involuntarily, but controlled himself immediately and bowed low, without opening his lips.

A few moments after Constance had gone a priest entered the room.

"Is it really so serious?" demanded Zamofski, addressing himself.

"The gallows has already been erected in the court-yard," replied the other.

A quarter of an hour later, Zamofski, accompanied by the priest, left the court yard. Not even the sight of the gibbet, however, could shake his determination. He was only when he was on the scaffold and felt the noose tightening about his neck that he gave way.

"I am ready," he muttered to the priest standing near him. "Let the marriage take place."

Constance gave orders that he be lifted from the scaffold and his bonds removed.

"If you make the slightest attempt to escape," she said, in a warning tone, "I will shoot you at once," and, as she spoke, she pointed to a pistol stuck in her girdle

Zamofski was now bidden to enter the chapel which had already been lighted up for the occasion. The marriage ceremony was quickly performed by the priest, the rings exchanged, the blessing pronounced.

The ceremony over, Zamofski was conducted to a richly furnished apartment by his bride, who, seating herself on a divan covered with bear skins, thus addressed him, her eyes flashing scorn as she spoke:

"You are my husband now, my lord, to go whithersoever it may please you to go. I have no further demand to make on you, either as regards your property or your person. I shall remain as before, under the protection of my father and the shelter of his roof. We part now and for ever. Farewell."

Zamofski gazed at her a moment in astonishment, then, recovering himself, bowed silently and left her.

Later, when his parents, with their friends and supporters, among the Polish nobility and the Jesuits, were moving heaven and earth to induce the Pope to annul his marriage, Zamofski remained quietly at Ostrog. He appeared, however, to be a prey to melancholy and the bitterest humiliation, and one day he quitted the castle to bury himself in a small hunting lodge in the forest. There, among his books and manuscripts, he led the life of a hermit, his only diversion being the long solitary rides he took daily.

One day, riding slowly through the forest and sunk deep in thought, he came face to face with Constance, who appeared suddenly from out a thicket opposite. Zamofski bent to his saddle bow in greeting, and she acknowledged his salutation by a slight nod.

When she had passed, he drew rein and gazed long and fondly after her. Briefly af er the glittered golden in the sunlight from beneath her cap of dark velvet. He sighed and murmured half under his breath: "What an absu dity it is for the husband of a young and beautiful woman to pass his days alone like a hermit among dusty, musty foliage."

He was not without hope of encountering her again in his daily rides. Failing to do so, however, he rode off secretly one night to Zabolow, tied his horse to a tree in a grove hard by and then stole through the garden up to the house. The windows were securely closed by thick, wooden shutters; but a slender ray of light streaming through one of them, betrayed the presence of a rift. Applying his eye to this, he found that he could see into a small room, furnished with a Turkish divan. Bear-skin rugs were thrown across it and laid on the floor beside it. A little to one side stood an embroidery frame, and, on a small stand, a silver-gilt candlestick, with three lighted candles in it.

Constance came into the room presently. Seating herself on the divan, she drew the frame up before her and began to work. Zamofski could now undisturbed feast his eyes on her beauty—on her slender, supple figure, her fresh, bright countenance, her small taper fingers, as they drew the needle, with its silken thread, in and out of the tapestry. In the eyes of God and of man she belonged to him; but yet, as he told himself sadly, she would never be his. After an interval of working, she pushed the frame aside and threw herself lazily down on the dark skins of the divan. The loose sleeves of her fur lined jacket, falling backward, revealed arms round and whiter than ivory, and a tiny foot peeped out from under the hem of her silken robe.

Thereafter Zamofski came secretly to the house every night. He stood long hours outside in the frost and snow, often beaten and pelted by a raging storm of snow and sleet. He could see his wife seated before her spinning-wheel with head bent over a book, and he listened to the soft, plaintive melodies her fingers, straying over the keys, drew forth from the spinet.

These lonely visits to his wife's home had gone on for some weeks when, one evening, his jealousy was aroused by seeing a sleigh drive up to the court-yard, from which a lady, and a some man, wrapped in furs, alighted. On this evening, and for several after, Constance's favorite apartment remained deserted by its mistress. A storm of rage and jealousy now raged in Zamofski's breast. As he could not visit Zabolow except under cover of darkness, he commissioned his valet to do so and to learn him back word who the newcomer might be.

The man brought back word that the strange guest was Count Starbel, and further, that by information that he was a suitor for Constance's hand when, on the annulment by the Pope of her marriage, she would be free to enter on a second union.

This news fairly set Zamofski beside himself. Maddened by mortified pride and fruitless passion, he lay in ambush one night for Count Starbel, as he was returning from Zabolow through the forest of Ostrog. He barred the way of his rival and fiercely challenged him to single combat. Starbel, dismounted from his horse and drawing his saber, the duel had already lasted long enough for each combatant to have received serious wounds, when Constance, unexpectedly appearing put an end to the combat. The servant in attendance on Count Starbel had ridden off, unperceived by his master, and had informed her of what was going on in the forest.

She came riding swiftly up, and dashed her horse in between the combatants, heedless of the lashes and flashing swords.

"What is the reason of your wanton and unprovoked attack upon this nobleman?" she demanded, looking sternly at her husband.

"He has dared to come here, madam, as a suitor for your hand," Zamofski returned, hotly.

Constance broke out into a ringing laugh. "Put up your sword, sir," she said, merrily; "there is no further use for it. Count Starbel is not a suitor for my hand, but for that of my sister."

When Starbel had been graciously pleased to accept the apologies and explanations with which Zamofski overwhelmed him, Constance invited both gentlemen to return with her to Zabolow.

Then she dressed their wounds with her own hands, and then invited her husband to a private interview in the very apartment from the shutter of which he had so often watched her.

Throwing herself on the divan and leaning against some scattered bear-skin rugs, she looked mischievously up at Zamofski as he stood irresolutely before her, and demanded: "What must I do to prevent similar escapades of yours in future?"

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, falling on his knees at her feet.

"Do you love, have you forgotten the duty you owe to king and country!—which was such a bar to our union formerly."

"I have forgotten everything, except that I love you!" he exclaimed, as he caught her in his arms.

Three days later, Constance, clothed in a magnificent mantle of ermine, leaning back on the cushions of bear skins in a sleigh richly gilded and drawn by three superb horses, made her entry, to the joyous peals of bells and the booming of cannon, through the castle gates of Ostrog.—*Translated from the Polish.*

### Artificial.

Janitor (coming into Y. M. C. A. gymnasium dressing-room)—Be sor! that just dude's clothes is that padded they'll stand alone.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ETHEL—Writing shows you to be glad you were satisfied with the correctness of your delineation. Your letter was very acceptable.

LALLAH—Writing shows decision, ambition, preservence, carelessness of little things; writer is kind, generous, appreciative and rather sympathetic.

LOVELORN—Writing shows curiosity, loquacity, even temper, a curious self-esteem and good perseverance order, care, love of good things, correct judgment, some independence, kind hearted and sensitive.

JESSIE—Writing shows originality, candour, ambition, optimism, care for details. Writer ought to be a merry and sociable woman, though lacking the sense of tact and judgment necessary to a society leader.

CLARA—Writing shows great hope and ambition; decided but an idealist, kind, easy and decision, is fond of the soft corns, and has grace of manner and gentleness of speech, generally rather hard to please, enthusiastic, all her impulses are elevating and the perseverance good.

PUDDY—Writing shows generous and large views, lacks hope and ambition, is a good perseverance and a kindly disposition. Writer is frank, conversational, easy going, and not very orderly. Lacks push and impulse, but is fairly intellectual. Would never make her mark as a teacher.

PEARL—This writing denotes cleverness and some desire to shine, good energy and impulse, a tendency to paint the lily, great adaptability and ingenuity, good perseverance order, carelessness of little things; writer is sympathetic, should be able to make her mark in the world; is self-willed and a little impatient of control.

BAY WINE—The delicate characters slightly shows refinement and artistic taste, love of beauty, quick sympathy, and the gift of understanding human nature; writer would never offend by unpleasant words or actions, is a good listener, affectionate, deliberate, and judges correctly; would be a little too fastidious and generally admired individual; all the tendencies of her mind are upward.

EDO—Writing shows frankness, love of talk, lack of order, great sympathy and kindness, good perseverance and, though practical, lack method and system; would probably be an energetic business man, but not an ornament to a drawing-room, lacking self-control and adaptability, as well as tact; some downward lines slope too heavily and inartistically to be pleasing.

CRANE—You have large ideas and a good share of self-esteem, are imaginative, but not artistic nor of quick sympathy, are fond of the good things of life and can be selfish though I don't think you are disagreeably so; still, you love number one. Your writing shows lack of intuition and carelessness of little things; you are not pleased in life, and heard neither your love nor your money.

BOB TOM.—I cannot admire this writing, because there is a little of everything mean a touch of everything wrong; this may not be developed except under press of circumstances. Writing shows tact, diplomacy, and, in ordinary cases, rather an independent nature, love of easy enjoyment, though writer may not take leading part; it lacks firmness and perseverance, is rather self-conceited.

BLUEBERRIES—Dear Irish correspondent: You are impulsive, heedless full of resource, now gay, now despondent, eager and fond of planning great things, good temper, but nervous and apt to fly off at a tangent; sometimes you are witty, and sometimes sarcastic and critical and fond of tact; you are ambitious, but not tenacious, and you are as obstinate as a mule, unless you are carefully handled.

HELEN S.—Writing shows decided opinions, some temper, a disposition to sharpness of judgment—I should not care to offend writer, determination and determination and energy are strong enough to make her a dangerous opponent; yet she is generous and quick to forgive, not very careful of her expenditure, but in range is limited, and has a facility for retaining whatever she becomes mistress of; could be a successful teacher or lecturer.

KAROLYN M.—I quite agree with you as to the name. 2 You are impulsive and impatient of details. Are a little 40; 60 is, cheap for $1.25; 86c., cheap for $2; a dozen other values. Coal Scuttles—beauties, and strong—medium size, 19c.; large, 25c.; large, furnished, 35c.; extra heavy galvanized, 24c. each up. A complete show of Doll Carriages at most popular prices. Beauties in High Chairs, Parlor Chairs and Rockers for 65c., 75c., and 40c. Do not neglect our closing-up sale of 2,000 Albums, much less than half you ever saw them before. Open evenings. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY


## A Business Misconception

Bill Runner (having measure taken for a pair of shoes)—Do you think you can make this pair of shoes last?

Peggs (the shoemaker)—Oh, yes; I think so. And possibly not at all, unless you care to pay in advance.

ST. JACOBS OIL
Cures
Promptly and Permanently
RHEUMATISM,
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
NEURALGIA,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-Bites,
SCIATICA,
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
Canadian Depot, 44 and 46 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont

DIAMOND
VERA-CURA
FOR
DYSPEPSIA
AND ALL
*Stomach Troubles,*
INDIGESTION,
Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Sticking, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.
At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps
Canadian Depot, 44 and 46 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont.

AMERICAN
FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Webster's great dictionary, 250 of them for $1.84 each—no student should miss the chance. A great purchase of Agate Ironware. One dollar buys as much as two dollars as heretofore sold. Hinged and well guarded Lanterns 39c., worth 75c. Mrs. Potts' Irons 84c.; extra handles 23c. Ebony Stove Polish, finest ever made, 6 oz. bottles 10c., usually 15c. Acme Shoe Dressing 19c.; Negro Shoe Dressing 19c.; "Tip Top," the ladies' fine shoe, 19c. Pearl Buttons for 35. dozen worth 10c. Closing those beautiful oil splashes 5c., worth 25c. The best display of Lamps we ever had, 35c., usually 60; 50c., cheap for $1.25; 95c., cheap for $2; a dozen other values. Coal Scuttles—beauties, and strong—medium size, 19; large, 25c.; large, furnished, 35c.; extra heavy galvanized, 24c. each up. A complete show of Doll Carriages at most popular prices. Beauties in High Chairs, Parlor Chairs and Rockers for 65c., 75c., and 40c. Do not neglect our closing-up sale of 2,000 Albums, much less than half you ever saw them before. Open evenings. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

MUCH BETTER,
Thank You!
*THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried*
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
—Of Lime and Soda.—
*IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.*
*SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.*

WE RECOMMEND:
DR. N. CORSETS
ASK FOR THEM. FOR SALE AT ALL
LEADING STORES IN TORONTO
Ask for the Dr. N. Corset, Price $1.00

CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not sending a case. Send at once for a Cure. Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post-office.
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

## Music.

On Thursday evening Monsieur Edouard Remenyi, who was known in his green and salad days as Herr Eduard Hoffman, revisited Toronto after a lapse of some ten years. This gentleman is a renowned violinist who has been reported drowned on several occasions, and who has had the rare felicity of reading his own obituary notices. These have been complimentary and satirical, both veins being prompted by his somewhat eccentric, though very capable manner as a violin soloist. On Thursday evening he displayed both of these sides of his character. He is, however, considerably subdued as to the former attribute, possibly the result of the fact that at his time of life ten years make a great difference in a man's animal spirits, and have a very chastening effect. The pieces which would admit of the display of the peculiar effects in which Remenyi delighted, were rendered in a manner which had comparatively little of the eccentricity of delivery and *ad captandum* effects that he affected in former years, while the one classical number that he performed rather coruscated with unconventionalities, if such a term be admissible. This was the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's G minor concerto.

•

In this, first of all, his intonation was decidedly faulty in cantabile passages and a long-drawn and inartistic portamento might almost have been taken as illustrative of the pains and tribulations of the crossing of the English Channel. He, in many instances, reversed the accepted rendering and changed his bowing where *legato* passages were indicated, and in other ways changed the phrasing, not always to the enhancement of artistic conception. In the Finale he adapted Mendelsohn to the genius of Remenyi. He has a splendid violin, and produced a fine, full tone, clear and sweet, but very hard and dry. He avoids the vibrato, probably because his wrist is not as supple as in former years. His shake is clear and distinct, but not so rapid as to be very brilliant. His double stopping is almost as excellent as ever, double shakes being done with delightful clearness, and his intonation in these instances being almost faultless, though his octave playing was a little weak in this respect. His harmonics were beautifully clear and certain in tone, and bold in execution. In a Mazurka by Chopin he showed more than in any other number the strong individuality which was always his great characteristic, and this piece he played with an abandon and a license which was both pleasing and effective. An arrangement by himself of a Hungarian melody was hardly as eccentric as might have been expected, and was rather simple in treatment.

•

He is very fond of closing his pieces with a series of delicate arpeggi, played pianissimo, which are very Æolian in effect, but which to the Philistine suggest a tin sign swinging in a November gale without a sufficiency of oil on its rod. Such a sound has its poetry, no doubt, but is chilling in its effect. Two of his encore pieces were excellently conceived treatments of Schubert's Ave Maria and Serenade. The singers who were in M. Remenyi's party were Mrs. Alice May Rice, soprano; Miss Edith De-Gregor, contralto; and Mr. W. H. Fessenden, tenor. Mrs. Rice has a pretty voice with a very faulty production on the high notes. She gave a pleasingly artistic rendition of the Polonaise from Thomas' Mignon. Miss McGregor's voice is of about equal calibre, but her rendition of Goring Thomas A Summer Night was very amateurish in style. Mr. Fessenden has been here before, on the first occasion some seventeen years ago with Mme. Ilma di Murska, and later with the Boston Ideals in Fatinitza. His voice now shows the relentless hand of time, and his delivery is made subservient to the extent of his powers. It must be said, however, that the vocalists read us a useful lesson in the extent to which they made use of piano effects. The usual word of praise, in this case honestly earned, must be accorded to Miss F. Cliff Berry for her excellent accompaniments.

The ladies and gentlemen who sang The Mikado with such success last year have again come before the public, this time at the Grand Opera House in Gilbert & Sullivan's Pinafore. It is not always fair to take an amateur performance *aux serieux*, but there were in this representation so many faults that the fear of creating a false standard of excellence stands like a spectre before the unhappy wight who would be kind, but finds little to be kind about. Of course many allowances must be made for the worry and bother that always attends a first night's performance, but a visit on Tuesday evening witnessed few ameliorations. The principal difficulty seemed to be that the chorus developed a remarkable spirit of independence, "go as you please" being the rule, and many numbers being marred by the divergence in time between the chorus and orchestra and between the members of the chorus themselves, the tenors generally being ahead of the party. The orchestra was sometimes at variance with itself and the conductor. Much of the chorus trouble was no doubt due to its size, some sixty people being on the stage. I have no doubt that Mrs. Obernier, who conducted, did the best she could under the circumstances, and she certainly deserves credit for the measure of success that was achieved.

•

The principals in most cases did well. Mr. G. A. Parr, as Ralph Rackstraw, sang excellently and was most earnest in his endeavors to do what was right and fitting. Miss Jardine Thompson, who sang the part of Josephine on Monday and Tuesday evenings, displayed similar excellence. She has a fine, powerful voice, and with a little more attention to enunciation would make an exceedingly acceptable singer. On Wednesday afternoon and evening Mrs. J. C. Smith sang this part, her pretty voice and good actions eliciting frequent recalls. Miss Mabel Gardner, as Little Buttercup, was very successful, especially in the later evenings. She sang well and threw great spirit into her acting. The Hebe of Miss Maud Carter showed life and energy, and what little singing fell to her lot was conscientiously rendered. Mr. Vaux Chadwick took the part of Captain Corcoran on short notice, and managed to do his part very creditably, as did Mr. W. E. Kain, as Sir Joseph Porter. Mr. A. L. E. Davies, as Dick Deadeye, sang carefully and correctly. Last, but not by any means least, was the success achieved by Mr. Cully Robertson as the Bo's'n, who secured more encores than any other performer. The performance was brightened by an interesting sword drill by the naval brigade of the Sons of England, by a well executed sailors' hornpipe danced by Mr. Heldrich, and by a *feu de joie* by a squad of C Company during the national anthem.

METRONOME.

For three evenings this week we have had a visit from the Mercedes children and Mr. Barrington Foote, under the management of Mr. C. A. E. Harris of Montreal. This gentleman's managerial efforts seem to run largely in the direction of youthful prodigies, and this time he has brought us two clever little girls. They are announced as being eight and eleven years of age, but the climate of Costa Rica, the country of their birth, must be a splendid one to produce youngsters of their size at such a tender age. They are named respectively Mercedes and Marita, but for some reason their family name is not honored by publication and they go by the name of Mercedes. This, however, does not affect their piano playing, which is clever and quite artistic in feeling for such young children. I cannot enter into any comparative notice of their work, for I found myself confronted with a decided confusion as to which was Mercedes and which was Marita when one of them appeared *solus*, they were so much alike. Taking them as compared with young Hegner or young Hoffmann, I am able to say that they were very much in the position of the gentleman who fell out of the balloon. For children they played exceedingly well, but not by any means deserving of the terms "phenomenal" or "prodigies."

•

Mr. Barrington Foote had the onerous task of singing six songs on each programme, with a generous addition in the way of encores. His voice is a fine, resonant *basso cantante*, in excellent form, and he sings with taste and refinement. Every word is delightfully distinct, and his intonation is perfect. He sings descriptive and spirited songs excellently and with great life and verve, but in the more sentimental department he is not so successful, owing principally to the lack of a good *mezzo voce*. Still, he is the most satisfactory singer, in his voice, who has been in Toronto for many years.

•

On Tuesday evening Signor Ed. Rubini, one of our vocal teachers, gave his third annual concert at Association Hall before a small, but enthusiastic audience. His pupils taking part were Miss Zip Walters, Miss Gertrude Leadley, Miss Cochrane, and Mr. James Walton, who all acquitted themselves very creditably. They were assisted by Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, who played three violoncello solos in excellent style; Miss Maud Harris, who gave artistic renditions of two Rhapsodies by Liszt; Mr. Sims Richards, who sang Signor Rubini's celebrated song, "On the River;" and Mr. W. E. Ramsay, whose comic song afforded a pleasant diversion on the programme.

•

I have received a copy of Gulnare, or The Crusader's Ransom, a cantata, words by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, music by Signor F. D'Auria, the well known teacher of vocal music at the Conservatory of Music, and conductor of the Toronto Choral Society. It is published by Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, and is a fine specimen of music printing. The work opens with a chorus of Crusaders about to embark on their voyage to the Holy Land, followed by a solo, in which the Crusader invokes the winds and waves to be favorable to their cause. A storm arises and a chorus of prayer is sung, changing into thanksgiving as the storm lulls. The Crusader is taken prisoner by Selim, a young Saracen chief, whose love for Gulnare has met with no return. Gulnare nurses the wounded Crusader and falls in love with him. An episode is here introduced, being a Sarabande, and Arab prayer. Selim attempts to murder the Crusader, but kills Gulnare instead, and the cantata closes with a chorus descriptive of her apotheosis. The opportunities for romantic and local treatment are many, and Signor D'Auria has used them freely. His knowledge of the resources of the orchestra has enabled him to score a highly colored instrumentation. The solos are melodious yet characteristic, while the choral work is original and striking in de ign. The cantata is of more than usual difficulty, but would prove highly effective when performed by a well trained chorus and competent soloists and orchestra.

•

Miss H. L. MacCallum, for some years soprano soloist of Carlton street Methodist church, has resigned that position and has been succeeded by Mrs. Scrimger Massie, who enters upon her new duties immediately.

•

Mr. R. J. Hall, a very popular young musician of this city, and for some time organist of Emmanuel Baptist church, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of Christ P. E. church at Little Rock, Ark., and musical director of the Ladies' College of that city, and will soon leave to assume his new duties. The best wishes of numerous friends will accompany him.

•

Next week's musical events embrace the recital in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital on Monday evening at Association Hall when a programme will be performed by Miss M. Irene Garvey, assisted by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson and Mr. Douglas Bird; a sacred concert on the same evening at the Central Methodist church; a service of song at the Sherbourne street Methodist church, and the annual concert of St. George's Society at the Pavilion on Thursday evening. Regarding this latter event it is only necessary to remind our readers of the generous and timely aid always extended by this society at Christmastide to poor people, to enlist their sympathies in such a good cause.

•

On Friday, November 13, Mr. Boscovitz will give the first of a series of illustrated lecture-concerts, entitled A Dream of the Past, with music and songs from the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. This series is under the immediate patronage of Miss Marjorie Campbell, Lady Gzowski, Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. J. B. Robertson, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. J. E. Kerr, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. J. W. Langmuir and Miss Sweatman. The first recital will be held at the public hall of the Education Department, and will be for subscribers only, the list being at Nordheimers.

•

This evening the general meeting of the Harmony Club will be held at its rooms in the Yonge street market, when the report of last year's business will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing season. Rehearsal of the new opera will commence at once, and a season of unusual vigor may be expected.

•

At the opening of the new organ at Trinity Methodist church, organ solos were played by Mr. F. H. Torrington, assisted by Mr. J. W. McNally, Mr. Burden and Miss Clarke, with vocal numbers by Mr. W. Preston, Mr. Curren, Miss Ella Paterson, Miss Mortimer, Miss Flint and Mr. Shaw.

•

The Toronto Choral Society elected the following officers on Tuesday evening: Hon. President, Ph. Jacobi; hon. vice-presidents, Dr. G. Stirling Ryerson and S. B. Brush; president, N. Gordon Bigelow, Q.C.; vice-president, Arthur Harvey; treasurer, Alex. Cromar; secretaries, Thomas Symington and T. F. Mackay; committee, S. B. Brush, H. Crewe, J. Fraser Bryce, J. J. Maclean, E. U. Scadding; conductor, Signor D'Auria. The work to be taken up for study is Gulnare, mentioned above.

METRONOME.


Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC FIFTH YEAR

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 1

Artists and Teachers graduating courses in ALL BRANCHES of Music. UNIVERSITY AFFILIATION. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, &c.

School of Elocution and Oratory

Comprising one and two year courses, under the direction of Mr. S. H. CLARK, a special feature. (Special Calendar issued for this department)

New 120 Page Conservatory Calendar sent free to any address. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

Mention this paper.

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Bass Soloist Formerly pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Musical Director Toronto Vocal Society

Pupils received in Singing, Voice Development and Elocution in the Italian Lyric and Dramatic School. Engagements accepted for Concerts, Oratorio, Church Choirs, &c. Residence, 555 Church Street.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.

Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address— TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

W. O. FORSYTH Studied the Piano with the great German teachers—Kranse, Reinecke and Zwintcher; theory with S. Jadassohn, Schreck, Richard Hofmann (of Leipsic) and Dr. Paul Kleugel of Stuttgardt. Teaches but two subjects—piano playing and theory. Every care given to piano pupils, both professional and amateur, and the most approved methods taught in developing a perfect technique, interpretation and style. Toronto College of Music or 112 College Street.

HERBERT L. CLARKE, Cornet Soloist Bandmaster of Heintzman's Band, teacher Cornet and Slide Trombone. Music copied and arranged for orchestra and Military band. Open for engagements as concert soloist, or will furnish any number of artists for evening entertainments. 681 Spadina Avenue.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (LIMITED) ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS

Send for calendar. F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

MR. A. S. VOGT Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church

Teacher in the advanced grades of the Pianoforte at the Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College and Dufferin House. Residence 605 Church Street.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS SOPRANO SOLOIST

Pupil of W. Elliott Haslam. Concert, Oratorio, Church. Engagements at private houses accepted. Pupils received. Pieces of absent members of church choirs filled. Mr. FRANCIS T. CHAMBERS Manager, 172 Yonge St. Also The Canadian Musical Bureau, 172 Yonge St. and 82 Major St.

MISS McCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony AT THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC (Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)

Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2 at her residence 6 St. Joseph Street, Toronto. Pupils of Ladies' College taught at reduction in terms.

THE MISSES ROWLAND, Violinists (Graduates of the Boston Conservatory) have resumed teaching at their residence, 753 Ontario Street, cor. Howard, Toronto. Open for concert engagements.

MR. F. WARRINGTON, BARITONE

Choirmaster of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will receive pupils in Voice Culture, at his residence, 12 Sexton Street, Toronto. Open for concert engagements.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony 94 Gloucester Street

MISS MARIE C. STRONG PRIMO-CONTRALTO OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

Also receives pupils in Voice Culture. Teacher of vocal culture at Branksford Ladies' College. For terms address— 82 Wellington Place

WALTER DONVILLE TEACHER OF VIOLIN Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Royal Academy, London, Eng. 6 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

MR. ROBERT MAHR, Violinist Graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, Berlin, and pupil of Prof. Joachim, will receive pupils at his residence, 92 Maitland St. Open for concert engagements.

LLOYD N. WATKINS 308 Church Street Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

J. W. L. FORSTER Portraits a Specialty STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST ARTIST

NEW MUSIC

| | |
|---|---|
| Senorita Waltz—J. W. Moore - | 60c |
| Gloria Waltz—St. Quentin - | 60c |
| Pick Me Up Polka—F. Fare - | 50c |
| Mother Bunch Polka—B. Handell - | 50c |
| Golconda Waltz—T. P. Royle - | 60c |

180 Page Catalogue Gratis

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association 68 King Street West, Toronto.

DR. McLAUGHLIN DENTIST Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

NEW DENTAL OFFICE

Lately opened by M. F. SMITH

(Late over Molsons Bank) is superior to anything of the kind in this country in the perfectness of its fittings, etc., as well as comfortable accommodation.

Canada Life Assurance Building, King St. West

Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

I WILL ADMINISTER THE "VITALIZED AIR" OR "Nitrous Oxide Gas," free during the months of May and June. This offer holds good only for a short time, and applies only to those getting in plates. Remember, "Air or Gas," and extracting absolutely free. Best teeth on rubber, $8; on celluloid, $10.

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge TELEPHONE 1476

C. A. RISK DENTIST

Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons

88 Yonge Street, near King Street

First-class patronage solicited.

Ontario School of Elocution and Oratory

Every teacher a specialist in his department. For Calendar address the Secretary, A. C. MOUNTEER, B.E. New Arcade Building, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E. Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia,

Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture

Open for concert engagements and evenings of reading. 369 Wilton Avenue

S. H. CLARK DIRECTOR Conservatory School of Elocution (Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.) 532 Church Street

ADELAIDE SECORD Dramatic Reciter and Elocutionist (Graduate of the Chicago School of Oratory) Is now open for engagements. Church and Society concerts attended and evenings of Reading given on reasonable terms. Address— 131 Denison Ave., Toronto.

COTHERSTONE HOUSE 183 Bloor Street East

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. THE MISSES JOPLING will resume their classes September 10.

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., A SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 13 Lombard Street, Toronto.

STAMMERING CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. No fees in advance. 249 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE PHOTOGRAPHER 40 Jarvis St. and at S. W. Cor. Temperance, 2 doors from Yonge St.

Awarded three prizes at Toronto Industrial Exhibition, 1891

Specialty—Fine Crayon Portraits

Order before the Christmas Holidays so as to be ready when the stockings are hung up.

SUNBEAMS ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer 116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

CANADA LIFE BUILDING

French, German Italian Spanish

THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES

Natural Method Native Teachers Special Classes for Children

JAMES PAPE FLORAL ARTIST 78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Three doors north of King Street. Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

J. YOUNG THE LEADING UNDERTAKER 347 Yonge Street, Toronto. TELEPHONE 679.

English Riding School 46 Gloucester Street

Riding taught in all its branches. No habits required in school. Horses furnished. CAPT. LLOYD, Proprietor.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd OFFICE: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged. HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT 6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

NEWCOMBE PIANOS

Endorsed by the highest musical authority.

THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO MANUFACTURERS

TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA

Head Office—107-9 Church Street

New Music Just Issued (for Piano)

Little Tycoon Lancers Price ..... 50c.
" " Duets ..... 35c.
Two splendid arrangements, by Chas. Bohner, from the Little Tycoon Comic Opera, which are unquestionably the best editions on the market. Ask for Chas. Bohner's arrangements.
The Classic City Polka By Hamie Trow ..... 40c.
A very pretty Polka, and bound to be a favorite.
Olive Lancers By Chas. Bohner ..... 50c.
One of the finest sets of Lancers ever published
Sounds of Toronto Waltzes By Chas. Bohner ..... 60c.
The most popular set of waltzes ever produced in Canada, and selling by the thousand.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO. 158 Yonge Street - Toronto

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Boro-Lano Cream For the Skin

Floriline For the Teeth

FOR SALE BY

Neil C. Love & Co. CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS 166 Yonge Street Telephone 1558.

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY 394 Yonge Street, Toronto

Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

H & C. BLACHFORD : FINE : SHOES

New goods just arrived. Greater variety than ever. Come early and make your choice

83-89 King St. East

PICKLES' AMERICAN RUBBERS In different widths, are the finest in the market. He has a widely assorted stock, and is sure to please his SATURDAY NIGHT customers.

THOMAS MOFFATT Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes

A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.

145 Yonge Street, Toronto

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

The Leading Educational Institutions

are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.

Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH. Telephone 1207. 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

PEOPLES POPULAR ONE WAY PARTIES TO THE PACIFIC COAST BY THE GRAND TRUNK WEDNESDAYS

Nov. 4-18 Dec. 2-16-30

1891

HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF Polite Attendants Progress Rapid Price Low Plenty of Room

PARTICULARS FROM ANY AGENT OF THE COMPANY

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mutual St. Handsome turnout with careful drivers any time day or night. Telephone 2104. Arthur M. Bowman Proprietor

**Silk Sealette and Mantles.**

Among the many staple lines shown by Mr. Nicholas Rooney at 52 Yonge street are black silks of every variety, including Bonnet's Perfection and the very best Lyons goods, elegant silk sealettes and the finest assortment of rugs of every description every shown in Canada. The stock of table linen, towels, linen handkerchiefs, etc., is very fine, and a large line of double damask hand loom woven tablecloths and napkins is being dispersed of at greatly reduced prices. On the basement floor are shown a great variety of beautiful mantles, bought for cash in Berlin and selling much below regular prices. The large and well-assorted stock of Scotch tweeds and woolens of all kinds calls for a word of mention. Attention must also be called to the elaborate display of Nottingham, Belgian and Swiss lace curtains, in which Mr. Rooney claims to carry the largest stock in Canada.

The attention of our fair lady readers is directed to the advertisment of McKendry & Co., 202 Yonge street, in this issue relative to a special sale of evening wear articles and fabrics. This firm is pushing itself rapidly into popular favor with the wealthier classes by keeping in stock the most *recherche* goods at very common sense prices.


TORONTO'S WEALTH

There is no stronger evidence of the rapidly increasing wealth of Toronto than the demand for Sterling Silverware.

A few years ago it was quite an unusual thing to find such goods upon the tables of any excepting "the oldest families." Now, however, it is otherwise, and finding that increased wealth and cultivated taste call for such goods, we have added to our stock THE FINEST DISPLAY OF STERLING SILVERWARE EVER SHOWN IN THE CITY. For Wedding Presents what nicer articles in Sterling Silver for table use from 75c. each to $300 each.

RYRIE BROS.

JEWELERS

Yonge and Adelaide Streeets

TORONTO

Grand Opera House

Commencing Thursday Evening, Nov. 5

FOR

THREE NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE

"Better than Adrienne or Josephine"

HER GREATEST SUCCESS

The Distinguished Tragic and Emotional Actress

RHEA

Under the management of Mr. W. D. Lowlons, in the new historical play, translated from the French of Eugene Scribe, entitled

LA CZARINA

OR,

Catharine I, Empress of Russia

Assisted by MR. WM. HARRIS and an Excellency Company.

NOTE—Rhea will reveal the most gorgeous and beautiful Gowns ever seen on a stage in this city.

Academy of Music

COMMENCING

SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT

October 31, and Next Week

The Big Comedy Show

A HIGH ROLLER

With the Great Cast, including

Barney Fagan, John D. Gilbert and the Only Leon and 20 Others

BRIGHT MUSIC NEW SONGS

CLEVER DANCES LOVELY COSTUMES

A WORLD OF FUN

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY

GRAND

Annual Concert

IN THE

Pavilion Music Hall, Horticultural Gardens

Thursday, November 5, 1891

AT 8 O'CLOCK P.M.

MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER, Elocutionist
MISS MINNIE GAYLORD, Soprano
MISS GERTRUDE LEADLEY, Contralto
MR. DOUGLAS BIRD, Tenor
MR E. W. SCHUCH, Bass
MR. ALGERNON H. BLACKWOOD, Violin
MR. W. E RAMSAY, Comique
MR. GUISEPPI DINELLI, Accompanist
MR. E. W. SCHUCH.....Musical Director

Tickets—Reserved seats 50c.; ordinary seats 25c. Tickets exchanged for reserved seat coupons at Messrs. Mason & Risch, 32 King Street West, on and after Monday, November 2, at 10 a.m.

J. E. PELL, Secretary.

J. HERBERT MASON, President.

ORGAN, HARP AND VOCAL CONCERTS

AT

ASSOCIATION HALL

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 4

AND

DR. WILD'S CHURCH

Thursday Evening, Nov. 5

A Trio of Famous Artists

GEORGE W. MORGAN
(Of New York) Organist

MISS MAUD MORGAN
Harpist

MISS HORTENSE PIERSE
Soprano Soloist

Admission 50c. and 75c. Reserved seats.

Pian opens at Nordheimer's Wednesday, October 28.

TORONTO

Gardeners and Florists'

CLUB

CHRYSANTHEMUM

SHOW

AT THE

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

NOVEMBER 10, 11 and 12

MARCICIANO'S STRING BAND

Each Evening and Afternoon of Thanksgiving Day.

ADMISSION 25c. CHILDREN 10c.

112 YONGE STREET

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESSMAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

"It is the duty that a man owes to society," says our late Premier, "to dress like a gentleman." This fact being universally conceded, as it incontestably is in polite society, the problem for the neophyte entering within the gates of the social world is: How does a gentleman dress? One cannot, in seeking the solution of this knotty problem, enter a tailoring establishment and complacently settle the question by pointing to a roll of cloth in the window exclaiming, "I want a suit of that." There must be method in this desire, and intelligence as well, to dress correctly. Take for example business dress; it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. Do not fail to inspect the line of Scotch Cheviotts and Tweeds which are provided for business wear this season, and which the Fashionable West End Tailor has just received by direct importation, being equal to anything brought to this continent.

HENRY A. TAYLOR,
Rossin House Block.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

McKENDRY'S

OCTOBER, 31.

NOVELTIES FOR EVENING WEAR

We have just received from Paris two cases of evening wear novelties, and cordially invite the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to inspect the same, assuring them of this fact, that no firm in Toronto, either on King St. or Yonge St., can show more elegant goods. Another feature of our business is that we never charge exhorbitant prices for these exclusive goods. On Tuesdays ladies will find an excellent opportunity to examine our Millinery stock as the rush of Bargain Day is over and our saleswomen have more time to serve you properly.

Elegant Marabout hair ornaments in Cream, Sky, Pink, Black, White, &c., sold to-day on King St. for $1 and $1.25. We ask 50c. on pretty Marabout Neck Ruffles, worth $1.75 for 75c. each. French Lisse Silk Embroidered Laces, worth $1.25, for 39c. per yard. These are the greatest Bargains in Canada. Ostrich Feather Crowns in 20 shades for opera wear, sold everywhere at $2.50 to $4. We have marked them $1.50 each. French Beaver Hats in Fawn, Black, Cream, Navy and all new shades, worth $2.50 for $1.50 each. Chiffon Lace and piece goods from 15c. per yard up. Black Jet Ornaments in Sprays, Bands and Butterflies, also Gold and Silver, from 25c. to $1—can't be bought less than double these prices. Brocaded Fur Lined Cloaks in Cardinal, Navy, Black, Peacock, &c., worth $30 for $20. Elegant Evening Fans at half the usual prices. A visit to our showrooms will prove interesting and profitable.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 doors north of Queen

We cordially invite the public to inspect, without reference to purchasing, our recent extensive importations, and the goods that have been manufactured for this season's business. There will be found Diamonds and other precious stones, rich Diamond and Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silverware in Tea Services, Spoons, Forks, Toilet Articles, etc., French, Chime, and Travelling Clocks, fine Gold and Silver Watches, etc., etc. Stock the largest, Prices the lowest.

James E. Ellis & Co,
3 King St. E., Toronto.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few selected from our list:

HAZELEON AVENUE — 116 — SEMI DETACHED, 9 rooms, bath. &c. $2 250.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—$7,000—DETACHED, MODERN brick house, very stylish, hot water heating, latest improvements.

BLOOR STREET WEST — DETACHED A 1 BRICK residence, modern. Exceptional terms. $15,000.

ST. GEORGE STREET — 124 — MODERN BRICK house, nine rooms, all conveniences; new brick stable; deep lot. Must be sold. A bargain.

MADISON AVENUE—10—THAT ELEGANT FIRST-CLASS brick residence; all modern conveniences; heated by hot water. For sale, less than cost.

Intending purchasers will do well to call and see our list.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT 447, YONGE ST TORONTO ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A TORONTO TAILOR TO THE FRONT

The great Robert Mantell, who is considered to be one of the best dressers in America, patronizes a King Street Tailor for a complete outfit. Hear what he says:

The Queens
McGaw & Barnett
Proprietors.

Toronto 10 Oct 1891

Mr. J. N. Cheeswarth

Dear Sir,

I am delighted with the fur lined coat just received from you, also all my other clothes are spleadid with best wishes

I remain
Yours truly
R. B. Mantell

ATTENTION!

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| HARDMAN, | N. Y. | PIANO | NEARLY NEW | |
| CHICKERING, | Boston | " | " | " |
| BRADBURY, | N. Y. | " | " | " |
| DECKER, | N. Y. | " | " | " |
| HAINES | N. Y. | " | " | " |
| BELL and DOHERTY ORGANS | | | " | " |

For sale this week at special prices at

MASON & RISCH'S

32 KING STREET WEST

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 89 King Street West, Toronto

T. M. HUNTER

PRIVATE WAITER

201 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

A Commercial Institution and Shorthand College for Ladies and Gentlemen

If you are interested write for particulars to

Mr. JOHN M. CROWLEY, Manager.

Office—3 Shuter Street, Toronto.

Farmers' Loan and Savings Company

DIVIDEND No. 39

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Three and One-half per cent. on the paid-up capital stock of this Company has this day been declared for the half-year ending 31st inst., and that the same will be payable at the Company's office, 17 Toronto Street, Toronto, on and after MONDAY, THE 16TH NOVEMBER NEXT. The transfer books will be closed from 2nd to 14th November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

GEO. S. C. BETHUNE, Secretary-Treas.

Toronto, 22nd Oct., 1891.

### The Next Festival.

DEAR METRONOME,—Just a word, and nothing further, with reference to my position as expressed in my letter of October 10:

I referred to the 1886 Festival, as a whole, being a success, at the same time admitting orchestral discrepancies. For this reason I would mildly protest as being classed "among the hundreds of others who admired the work of the Festival orchestra" from a purely artistic standpoint, but I still adhere to the one thing patent—"The Festival of 1886 was a success."

And now let me say that I, with many others, am favorably impressed with the practical suggestions you have made, thus far, touching upon the general plan of the proposed Festival of 1892: the engagement of an orchestra competent to perform the work allotted them, the selection of soloists equal in every respect to the *roles* assigned them, the consolidation of the entire musical vocal body of the city into one grand chorus, and the selection of a conductor from our local ranks. The two former items can and doubtless will be dispsed of without any particular difficulty on the part of the festival management committee. The consolidation of the voice elements and the selection of a conductor being more a question of local interest, may not be so readily accomplished. I entertain no doubt, however, that if the selection of the soloists and orchestra be judiciously managed, the vocal element in the city, with individual independence, will be found in line at the right time, notwithstanding official decrees which, as before, may be made to prevent individuals from exercising their personal freedom under the guise of loyalty to some certain musical society or clique. There is but one course having the amalgamation of vocal forces in view that can be in my opinion pursued with success, and that is the ignoring entirely of societies from an official standpoint together with the solicitation for support to the scheme, on the part of the management, on individual grounds, each vocalist acting for himself independently, thereby becoming a part of the chorus, but not as a member or representative of any local society. The adoption of this plan, together with a judicious selection of orchestral and solo parts, will secure a hearty response on the part of our resident vocalists. Finally, the selection of a conductor. That should not hinge on personal like or dislike on the part of any individual or class of individuals, but should and must rest solely on qualifications real and not imaginary. In harmony with your reference to Mr. Torrington, it is evident that he is the only man in Toronto so far having demonstrated the necessary qualifications to carry the festival to a successful issue. There is no reason, however, that others of our local conductors should not receive consideration at the hands of the managing committee, providing the committeemen are thoroughly convinced of their ability, and also that the musical fraternity evince their confidence in the candidate for the conductorship in this particular capacity. Whoever is chosen conductor, while adding perhaps to his personal distinction it need not depreciate other members of the fraternity in their own estimation or that of the public.

If the festival of 1892 is to be the success which all honest persons desire it should be, personal interest must be sacrificed and petty prejudices cast aside, and with an honest purpose in view each one must put his shoulder to the wheel, feeling a personal responsibility, working with a will, imbued with a spirit of loyalty to the art, especially in Toronto, and with a firm determination that the festival of 1892 will be an ideal one.

It is to be hoped also that the original idea—of holding it triennially—will be carried out regarding the holding of these festivals, and that the same reasons which prevented the holding of a festival in 1889 will not be allowed to form the basis of failure in carrying out the original design at regular intervals in the future.

Trusting that you will be supported in your suggestions already put, and thanking you for your kind indulgence,

I am very sincerely yours,
CHROMATICUS.


MEDICAL.

DR. PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street
Homœopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uraemia, Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic or difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

DR. SPILSBURY—Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear.
290 Huron Street, first door north College
Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 2 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499.
Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and till 9 p.m. Telephone 1685.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 256 Bathurst St.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 661 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tpl. 3868.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. L. BALL
DENTIST
74 Gerrard Street East Telephone 2266

DR. CAPON 12 Carlton Street Tel. 3821
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

An Absolute Preventative Against the Spread of Typhoid Fever and Diphtheria
CONCENTRATED
OZONE
DISINFECTANT
The Great Ozone Produces Nature's Disinfectant
Endorsed by eminent physicians. It arrests and prevents putrefaction, leaving no disagreeable odor.
PREPARED ONLY AT
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street


### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

**Births.**

JEWEL—On the 27th Oct., the wife of Fred Jewell of Colborne street of a son Mother and baby doing well.
BRAYLEY—Oct. 24, Mrs. J. Burt Brayley—a daughter.
CLARK—Oct 26, Mrs. S. H. Clark—a son.
SKINNER—Hamilton, Mrs. R. B. Skinner—a son.
McINTOSH—Oct. 25, Mrs. D. T. McIntosh—a daughter.
WINLOW—Aylmer, Mrs. F J. Winlow—a daughter.
BOECKH—Oct. 22, Mrs. Charles Boeckh, jr.—a son.
HAYWOOD—Oct. 24, Mrs. A. Haywood—a daughter.
TOLFREE—Oct. 21, Mrs. J. J. Tolfree—a son.
WATSON—Oct. 20, Mrs Thos. Watson—a daughter.
ANDERSON—Oct. 19, Mrs. D M. Anderson—a daughter.
ELLIOTT—Oct. 19, Mrs. S. S. Elliott—a daughter.
PENTECOST—Hamilton, Mrs. R. Pentecost—a daughter.
SCOTT—Oct. 21, Mrs. J W. Scott—a son.
SNELGROVE—Oct. 1, Mrs. C. V. Snelgrove—a daughter.
SENIOR—Oct. 22, Mrs. Charles Senior—a son.

**Marriages.**

COSGROVE—BEATTY—July 29, John Cosgrove to Lily May Beatty.
WALKER—FULTON—Oct. 21, Robt. E. Walker to Susie Fulton.
NIVIN—SPRATT—Oct. 21, W. B. Nivin to Margaret Spratt.
NEEDLER—RODDICK—Oct. 21, Charles Needler to Jessie Roddick.
DOWNES—GREENWOOD—Oct. 21, John F. Downes to Mary Greenwood.
KAIN—ANDERSON—Oct. 21, D J. Kain to Annie Anderson.
BROWN—SEELS—Oct. 21, A. W. Brown to Esther Seels.
HOOD—CONSTABLE—Oct. 21, Andrew Hood to Jessie Constable.
GOOD DICKSON—Oct. 13, W. T. Good to Dorcas Dickson.
BOYCE—MACHIN—Oct. 14, A. C. Royce to Victoria Machin
GIBBS—HAGERMAN—Oct. 21, M Gibbs to Ida Hagerman.
MACKIE—BELL—Oct. 23, Charles Mackie to M. J. Bell.
WHELLAMS—OWEN—Oct. 23, H. C. Whellams to C. M. Owen.
GREENWOOD-JOLY-DE-LOTBINIERE—Oct. 14, Henry S. Greenwood to Matilda Florence Joly de Lotbiniere.
CAPREOL—HOWITT—Oct. 27, A. R. Capreol to Kate T. Howitt.
JARDINE—ALLWARD—Oct. 21, J. W. Jardine to Bessie Allward.
IRELAND—HUNTER—Oct 27, Tyndall Ireland to Sarah Hunter.
CLARK—HOUGHTON—Oct. 27, Wm. A. Clark to Annie Houghton.
McCORMACK—McCULLOUGH—Oct. 26, Edward McCormack to J. W. McCullough.

**Deaths.**

WOODS—Oct. 22, Ellen Woods, aged 89.
CLANCY—Oct 23, Bridget Clancy.
DALTON—Oct. 17, Mrs. Dalton, aged 79.
PEARCE—Oct 23, F. J. Pearce, aged 28.
MILLER—Oct. 25, Frederick Miller, aged 41.
KERR—Oct. 25, William Kerr, aged 41.
PENNOCK—Oct. 25, Margaret Pennock, aged 62.
GHENT—Oct. 25, Mary Green Ghent, aged 84.
HEWETSON—Oct. 27, Mary Sproat Hewetson.
WATSON—Oct. 27, James Watson, aged 56.
MORTON—Oct. 25, Mary E. Morton, aged 66.
WISER—Oct. 27, Sarah Wiser.
AMBERY—Oct. 26, Thos St. Clair Ambery.
DOUGHTY—Oct. 23, Alexander Doughty.
LONG—Oct. 26, Eugene E Long, aged 7.
MILLER—Oct. 25, Frederick Miller, aged 45.
ARMSTRONG—Oct. 26, Robert Armstrong, aged 60.
FORD—Oct. 21, Jane Lindsay Ford, aged 27.
MacLEAN—Oct. 17, William MacLean, aged 77.
FEE—Oct. 19, Reginald Fee, aged 16 months.
CHEYNE—Oct. 23, George Cheyne, aged 59.
GLASS—Oct. 22, Hugh F. Glass, aged 1.
HANNA—Oct. 23, Catherine Hanna, aged 45.
LUDFORD—Thornhill, Oct. 25, Phœbe Ludford, aged 87.


Romano Art Pottery
From SWITZERLAND.
A Choice Selection Just to Hand
ROYAL DRESDEN
From the MEISSEN Factory.
A Few Pieces in White and Gold
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
China Fired Daily on the Premises.
WILLIAM JUNOR
109 King Street West, Toronto

REMEMBER!
H. S. MORISON & CO.
Are going out of business, and being anxious to clear out their stock in the shortest possible time are offering prices regardless of cost or value.
216 & 218 Yonge St.

"To be out of the Fashion is to be out of the World"

| | |
|---|---|
| Fine Plain Jackets | $ 3 to $15 |
| Elegant Hip Seamed Coats | 10 to 37 |
| Beautiful Embroidered Jackets | 10 to 25 |
| Nobby Fur Trimmed Reefers | 10 to 60 |
| Superior Plush Jackets | 9 to 30 |
| Charming Spanish Capes | 7 to 50 |
| Comforting Evening Cloaks | 10 to 50 |
| Superb Opera Capes | 15 to 50 |
| Grand Fur Lined Garments | 18 to 75 |

We have brought together this season such a stock of Fashionable Garments as we never imported before. The most fitful fancy and the most extravagant notions can be satisfied, while our stock and variety of moderate priced mantles is larger than any former season.

R. WALKER & SONS
33 to 37 King Street East - - TORONTO

THE FALL TRADE
Has opened up in great form at the EMPORIUM AROUND THE CORNER, which is the address of H. A. Collins, who has now the best assorted stock of Housefurnishings, in Stoves, Ranges, Silverware, Lamp Goods, Tinware and every other description of housekeeping goods and novelties in the city, and altogether "Around the Corner" is better known than any other establishment in the same line of business.
H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West
OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

TAKE A REST YOUNG MAN
Our machines are doing the work.
PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.
44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2686

FINE FUNERAL GOODS
J. A. GORMALY
347 QUEEN STREET WEST

GEO. E. TROREY'S COUPON
THIS IS WORTH $1 CASH TO YOU
OUR SPECIAL OFFER
Diamonds Mounted in all Designs
WATCHES AND JEWELERY
LESS THAN ANY HOUSE IN CITY
Cut this out and we will accept it as $1 cash on any purchase of $20. Goods marked plain figures at
GEO. E. TROREY'S
51 King East, Diamond Merchant
THIS IS WORTH $1 CASH TO YOU
GEO. E. TROREY'S COUPON

MADAME AMUSETTE'S CELEBRATED TOILET PREPARATIONS
CREME DE VENUS and VANDALINE
EFFECTUALLY REMOVES
Freckles, Tan, Brown Spots, &c.
This remedy has proved successful where all others have failed.
$1 PER JAR
Ask your Druggist, or send to—
REMOVES
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Without injuring the most delicate skin. Requires no emollient.
$1 PER BOTTLE
PREPARED SOLELY BY
The Berlin Chemical Co. - - Berlin, Ont.

J. & J. LUGSDIN
FASHIONABLE FURRIERS
Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur Lined Overcoats
Fur Lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes
FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, ROBES, ETC.
J. & J. LUGSDIN
MANUFACTURERS
101 Yonge Street - - Toronto
All Kinds of Ladies' Fur Trimmings Cut to Order on Short Notice
A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's, Tress & Co.'s and Christie & Co.'s celebrated London Hats just arrived.

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
67, 69 and 71 Adelaide Street West.
Specialists in Fine Laundering
Telephone 1127

A. MACARTHUR, JR.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
COAL AND WOOD
OFFICES AND YARDS:
161 and 163 Farley Ave. 102 and 104 Berkeley St.
Telephone 916 Telephone 2048
580 to 584 College Street
Best Plymouth Coal, Cut and Split Wood Always on Hand
Delivered to all parts of the City at Lowest Current Rates

BEST QUALITY COAL AND WOOD

OFFICES:
20 King Street West
409 Yonge Street
793 Yonge Street
288 Queen Street East
578 Queen Street West
1352 Queen Street West
419 Spadina Avenue
Yard Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street
Yard Esplanade East, foot of Church Street
Yard Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street
ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.